

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 752

Week Ending
AUGUST 19, 1933

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

AMERICA'S NEW PROHIBITION

See
Page
Six

A BIG STEP TO A BETTER WORLD

MR ROOSEVELT MARCHES BOLDLY ON

Setting Free a Vast Army of Child Workers

THE MIRACLE OF A DAY

Never has there been more truth than now in the wise old saying that a dark cloud has a silver lining.

It was entirely through the Depression that something which a year ago seemed hopeless and impossible has now been made possible.

No employer in the cotton textile trade in any of the 48 States of America may henceforth employ any boy and girl under 16.

It is probable that all other industries in which children are employed will follow suit. Thus a million and a half child slaves may soon be set free; and who knows what may be the effects of America's lead on the rest of the world?

A Blot on Civilisation

The most optimistic people in the United States had not dared to hope that this blot on their civilisation would disappear for years to come; but on May 8, the day after President Roosevelt's famous address on the wireless, twenty representatives of the cotton industry, half from the Northern States and half from the Southern, came together and worked out a Code, an industrial pact. This is an agreement between employers and workers in which the hours of labour, wages, and so on are settled.

To draw up the Code was an exceedingly difficult matter, for there are different laws and customs in each State. It was only through much unselfishness and readiness to endure hardship that an agreement was reached so that the Code could be submitted to the President.

Historic Words

Thousands of people came to a conference, presided over by the Government, to hear the reading of the Code, which is to make the working week a shorter one so that more workers, each of whom will be given a living wage, can be hired to do the existing work. Section 4 of the Code is like a golden key, for it opens the prison door to thousands of children and gives them freedom.

When the President had indicated his approval of the pact he spoke these historic words:

Child labour in this industry is here abolished. After years of fruitless effort and discussion this ancient atrocity went out in a day, because this Code permits employers to do by agreement that which none of them could do singly and live in competition.

The conference has arrived at a solution which has the unanimous approval of

The Chariot Boys



Chariot-racing like this was a feature of the display by British Scouts at the Jamboree. See next column.

leaders of all sides of the issue. I can think of no greater achievement of co-operation, mutual understanding, and goodwill.

Other codes are being drafted for woollens, silks, knitted garments, and so on; and it is almost certain that in any industry where there are child workers all those under 16 will be set free.

Many times the C.N. has called attention to the deplorable child slavery of America. Not long ago it was estimated that there were one and a half million children under 16 working in fields and factories there. At least one child in every twelve was compelled to work for a living, more than half of these being employed at farming, stock-raising, and in the lumber trade.

It is because each American State makes laws of its own that this child slavery has been such a difficult problem to tackle. Laws for the protection of children vary widely between one State and another. Eight years ago only 22 out of the 48 States forbade children to work before they were 15.

Only 30 States limited child labour to eight hours a day. One allowed 11 hours, and the State of Georgia imposed no limit to the hours in which a boy or girl could work. Conditions were worst in the Southern States, where thousands of Negro boys and girls still toil all day on the cotton plantations.

Congress Law alone could change all this and Congress Law could only be changed if there were a two-thirds majority in the Senate and the House or Representatives, and also by a majority of three-fourths of the State Governments. No wonder that it seemed impossible for child labour ever to be abolished. When a Bill was introduced eight years ago for this purpose, 13 of the first 15 States to vote pronounced against setting free these poor child workers. Now Mr Roosevelt has done in a day what would normally have taken fifty years and more—what took longer than that in this country. It is an immense step forward, full of hope, for it means that adversity is driving us on to better things.

THE JAMBOREE BOYS AT GODOLLO

FROM 21 TO 20,000

The Great Scout Army Under Canvas in Hungary's Royal Park

CHIEF SCOUT'S LOOK-ROUND

Gödöllő in Hungary is feeling rather strange. Last week it was entertaining 20,000 Scouts from more than 30 nations. Today there is not one left.

The Great Hungarian Jamboree is over, yet another link has been forged in the chain of international peace.

The Royal Park of Gödöllő, lent for this mighty gathering by Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, was a delight to the visitors. A little canvas town complete with all kinds of shops and even a theatre had sprung up here to greet them.

Lovely country was around for exploration; there were lakes for bathing and boating; and there was even flying, for the Polish Scouts brought three aeroplanes and seven gliders.

Vivid Memories

Budapest, with the wide Danube flowing between the hill of Buda and the flat streets of Pest, was within 20 miles, and a small army of guides, speaking 14 languages, was waiting to take the Scout visitors round.

Of all the memories that of the charm and hospitality of the Hungarians remains most vivid, the gaiety and culture of Budapest, and the healthy happy look of the people. The 2000 British Scouts were also amazed at the number of Hungarians able and anxious to speak English to them. A newspaper was printed daily for these visitors, in French, English, Polish, and Hungarian.

Every morning the Scouts busied themselves with the work of the Camp, but from two onward visitors poured in to see the numerous displays of national dancing and Scout exercises. In the evening was the time when friendships were made, names written down, and invitations exchanged.

B-P's Tent

On a tiny hill of the royal park, among the ranks of the British contingent, the Chief Scout pitched his tent. We can imagine B-P looking round on it all and being greatly moved by the thoughts that stirred his mind.

The Scouts of Hungary had given him for his use a magnificent copy of the tents used 1000 years ago by Magyar chiefs, decorated so that the Chief Scout looked like a ninth-century monarch as he sat in it.

Could any man survey a fairer handiwork than he, as he looked round on this mighty Peace Army, remembering that first Scout Camp on Brownsea Island 26 years ago, when, in the place of these 20,000 Scouts from all parts of the world, there were just 21 English boys?

A GREAT SURPRISE FOR U.S.A.

MR ROOSEVELT ENDS A LONG SCANDAL

Public Offices Are No Longer Private Prizes

THE POST-OFFICE BOMBSHELL

The distribution of all Post-Office posts to political supporters has for years been one of the outstanding scandals of American political life.

No matter how good a postmaster a man might have been, if he was a Republican it was an invariable rule that he would be ousted in favour of a Democrat when a President of that party came to power. It was the reward the new President's supporters in his political campaign expected. Postmaster-ships were known as political plums.

A Ridiculous System

Naturally there was small hope of developing any real efficiency under this ridiculous system.

For five months now people have been waiting for President Roosevelt to distribute the plums, and there has been considerable murmuring among the hopefuls. There are over 15,000 of these plums among the first, second, and third-class post-offices; and there are, in addition, 32,500 other post-offices too small to rank as plums, staffed according to civil service regulations.

The reason why the new President has been so slow to distribute these rewards to his political supporters is at last out of the bag.

He intends to do away with this nefarious practice.

A Wonderful Move

He has now issued an order placing first, second, and third-class postmasters under the civil service, and has said to the Civil Service Commission: "Will you be good enough to prepare for me proposed legislation to this effect, in order that I may submit it to the next session of Congress?"

It is a wonderful move, a great step toward honest and efficient government in a department where there has been too little of it; and it will be interesting to see how the President's action is received throughout the States.

No longer are public offices to be prizes for friends, says Mr Roosevelt; and, commonplace as this appears to us in this country, it is strange doctrine for Americans.

WHITE SPOT BIGGER THAN THE EARTH

A Saturn Discovery

HOW A COMEDIAN'S HOBBY HELPS OUR KNOWLEDGE

It is one of the rewards of an amateur astronomer that he may sometimes be first in the field with a discovery. Mr Will Hay, the well-known comedian, spends many a quiet hour in the stillness of the night gazing at the heavens through his six-inch refractor telescope at Norbury. Early this month he saw a big white spot located in the equatorial zone of Saturn.

Mr Hay at once telephoned to Dr William Steavenson, the lecturer and writer on astronomical subjects, and soon many telescopes were directed on this new wonder in the heavens. News came from America that it had been observed there 30 hours after Mr Hay had seen it.

The discovery is valuable, as by watching it the duration of the rotation time of this 'zone of Saturn' can be accurately checked. Five revolutions occupy about 51 hours.

Owners of small telescopes can see this white spot, for it is both bright and bigger than the Earth.

THE BAD LANDLORD

AN IDEA FOR GETTING RID OF HIM

Proposal To Seize Unfit Houses and Make Them Fit To Live In

OCTAVIA HILL COMES INTO HER OWN

The end of all bad landlords of working-class houses will be near if the proposals of the Committee on Housing come into force, though they are likely to raise much discussion and hostility.

This Committee, with Lord Moyne as Chairman, was appointed by the Ministry of Health to find ways of bettering working-class houses.

Their Report proposes that if a landlord fails to keep a house in fit condition for people to live in the house shall be taken from him, at its cost, by the local authorities. It is the idea of buying a bad house from its bad landlord which will provoke discussion.

What the Report Proposes

There are already laws to make a landlord keep his house in order, but to enforce the law takes money, time, and trouble; and so over and over again the landlord has pocketed his rent and his conscience too, leaving his tenants to get on as best they can in damp, overcrowded, or broken-down houses.

The Report proposes that good landlords (and the species is not unknown) should be allowed to keep their property, and even the bad ones should be given a chance to turn over a new leaf by submitting to the Minister of Health voluntary clearance or improvement schemes of their own and seeing that they are carried out.

It is not suggested that the local authorities should see to all this themselves. The ideal the Report holds out is that a Public Utility Society (like those which have lately transformed the St Pancras slums) should be formed in every area to take the place of the bad landlords. These societies would buy and recondition the old houses, build new ones in overcrowded areas, take over the housing powers of local authorities slow to act, and watch over the whole system of working-class houses under their control, with trained women managers to collect the rent, advise the tenants, and help the housewives.

After Seventy Years

The Committee have taken here as a model the work of a woman who set about helping the poor of London to manage their homes 70 years ago. She was Octavia Hill, a friend of John Ruskin and William Morris. What a woman realised 70 years ago our authorities are considering at last!

It is proposed that only houses that could be made fit for at least 20 years should be bought (we hope the others will be pulled down), and that a Housing Loan to pay for these should be raised.

All these Public Utility Societies shall, it is proposed, be united under a strong Central Public Utility Council, appointed by and responsible to the Minister of Health.

THE WIDOW'S TREASURE

A charwoman has handed all her life's savings to the London Hospital.

She is an old lady of 80 who has herself received treatment from the hospital; but when she asked to see the House Governor and presented him with £50 he told her that he felt sure she ought to keep some of it for herself.

"Why?" she asked. "I am old, and shall not live much longer, and my needs are small. I would like to know that this money is doing some good while I am alive. Just before he died my husband begged me to give what money I could spare to the hospital, and here it is."

ITALY'S COSTLY ARMADA

A Vast Fortune For An Atlantic Flight

WHAT GOVERNMENTS CAN DO WITH MONEY

General Balbo's Armada has undoubtedly made the most spectacular flight the world has ever known.

Nothing like this flight of 24 seaplanes from Italy to America had ever been attempted; but without in any way wishing to belittle a magnificent performance it must be said that what Italy has done other nations could do if they had the money to spare.

Each year for some time past Italy has arranged some outstanding air feat to demonstrate the spirit of Fascism to people at home and abroad, and Signor Mussolini has been prepared to spend the nation's money lavishly to make the demonstration effective. It is said that the cost of this year's feat has been £2,000,000.

The Italian flight began with 25 machines, and each of these cost £15,000. Besides the crew of four for each flying-boat, big ground staffs have had to be kept in waiting at various stopping-places, with expensive stores to make necessary replacements; and two Italian submarines and six British trawlers were engaged to send by wireless reports of the weather on the route of the flying-boats across the Atlantic. Special observation posts for weather experts were also formed in Ireland, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador; and months before the flight took place survey parties were sent out to arrange the best landing-places and establish bases.

LONGEST FLIGHT YET

Two Frenchmen Astonish the World

Twenty-four years ago M. Bleriot amazed the world by making the first plane flight across the English Channel.

The latest flight record has more than a remote connection with that event, and illustrates the enormous strides made in a quarter of a century of flying.

Two French airmen have now astonished the world again, Monsieurs Codos and Rossi having set up a new long-distance record by flying non-stop from New York to Rayak in Syria, 5500 miles in a direct line but about 5900 miles as the airmen flew.

M. Bleriot, the hero of the first Channel flight, was behind this great adventure, and the machine used may be called a descendant of M. Bleriot's 1909 machine, for it was constructed on similar lines.

M. Codos and M. Rossi have captured the record set up by the British airmen Gayford and Nicholletts, who flew from England to Walvis Bay, 5300 miles, last February.

In the course of their flight the French airmen flew over three continents, beginning in America, flying across Europe, and coming down in Asia.

THE RAILBUS COMES

The successful operation of a Diesel-electric railbus in the Newcastle district has already been mentioned in the C.N.

Now the new vehicle is showing London what it can do, having made the 268-mile journey from Newcastle to King's Cross at a fuel cost of thirteen and two pence. It is to be run experimentally between King's Cross and Hertford. The car has seats for 60, and is capable of speeds up to 70 miles an hour. It is actually an electrically-driven car, the current being produced on the vehicle by a heavy-oil motor of the Diesel type.

The cheap running costs of the new car make it ideal for maintaining frequent services in country districts.

BOLO OF JERUSALEM

Dumb Boy To Broadcast

MISS CHAPMAN'S GREAT FRIEND

C.N. friends of Bolo Martin, the deaf and dumb Burmese boy who was brought up and taught by Miss Mary Chapman, the pioneer teacher of the deaf in the East, will be interested to know that he is spending his summer holidays in England.

When Miss Chapman broadcasts her talk about her deaf school in Jerusalem from London on August 20 Bolo is going to say a few words, just to show how the dumb can speak.

Bolo is now about 18. No one knows exactly when he was born or who his parents were. He is thought to be connected with the royal house of Burma; but when it was discovered that he was quite deaf, and no one knew how to make him speak, his people had no use for him, and his lot would have been a very sad one had he not been rescued and sent to Miss Chapman. She taught him all he knows, and made him happy; and now he is her inseparable companion and help.

Loved By Everybody

Although still quite deaf he is able to talk, not only with Miss Chapman and her friend Miss Walden, who is House mother at the school in Jerusalem, and whom he knows well, but with strangers, for he can read their lips cleverly and he can speak clearly enough to be understood.

He is of slight build, and has such a happy brown face and such mischievous bright eyes that everybody loves him at sight. He proved an expert at deck tennis on his way to England. He is going to spend part of his holiday in camp with 80 other boys, and is greatly looking forward to it, not feeling in the least nervous. In Jerusalem he teaches the Arab and Jew pupils in Miss Chapman's school, and out of school hours he is a cabinet-maker. Two things make him particularly proud: he is a King's Scout and a British subject!

OLD BILL AMONG THE MOURNERS

It is not so long ago since Old Bill, the London bus which went through the Great War, followed behind the coffin of the man who had driven it in France.

Now the old war bus has been to another funeral, that of Mr Henry Binnie, who had been driving for the L.G.O.C. since 1902, starting with a three-hour bus between Oxford Circus and Finchley.

Old Bill was driven to the funeral by Mr Binnie's brother.

A TALE OF A SPANISH FARM

Sabina de Soliveres was a little girl of nine when her father and mother died, leaving her a farm worth £125,000.

Now, as an old lady of 71, she has at last been allowed possession of her property; for there was a £2000 mortgage on the farm, and the creditors managed, by tortuous legal ways, to keep the farm for 62 years, leaving Senora de Soliveres to live as best she could in a tiny attic in Madrid.

THINGS SAID

Chancellor Hitler avoids meat and alcohol and does not smoke.

One of his ministers

It would be a good thing for all boys to have a little domestic training.

Professor A. E. Heath

We must have the courage of the men of old to know and proclaim the truth.

Professor Coatsman

In Ferring today a car drew up to allow a fully-armoured gentleman to cross the road. He was a hedgehog.

A C.N. correspondent

BIG BEN'S FACE • MERRY LITTLE DUTCH GIRLS • KEEPING COOL



A Merry Party—We can well imagine the clatter of clogs and the merry laughter as these little Dutch girls ran through one of the streets of Veere, the ancient port in the island of Walcheren.



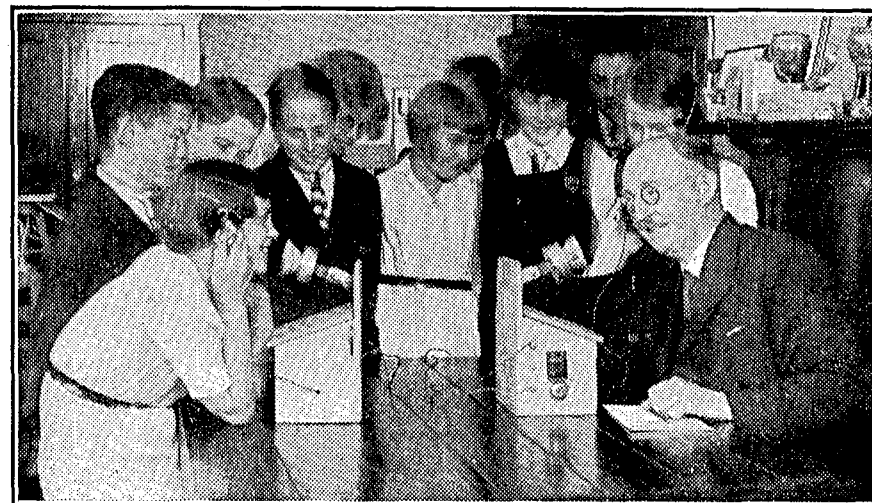
The Empire's Clock—Big Ben's tower, like the rest of the Houses of Parliament, is being renovated. Here is one of the dials of the big clock photographed from the scaffolding.



Keeping Cool—A garden pool can be useful as well as ornamental on a hot day. This one may not be big enough to swim in, but with the aid of the hose it makes an excellent shower-bath.



Young Mariners—No holiday cruise could be more popular than this one, which started from a Devonshire resort. Some friends of the passengers have come to see them off.



A Home-Made Telephone—This telephone was made from cigar-boxes, oil-cans, discarded wireless parts, and other odds and ends by the scholars of Elettow Central School, Bedfordshire.

GREAT ADVENTURE FOR BLACK WASPS

OFF TO CANADA

Millions of Acres of Forest
To Be Saved

CATERPILLARS BEWARE

A quarter of a million black wasps, packed up in porridge tins, have just set out on a great adventure to Canada.

They are the hungriest colonists Britain has ever sent abroad, for they are going over to eat up a plague of caterpillars on the pine shoots of the Dominion's vast forests.

In our country caterpillars are so preyed upon by other insects that they do little harm; but in Canada, where they have few enemies, they have become so serious a pest that the Dominion Forestry Department appealed to the Imperial Entomological Institute to help them with the problem.

Why These Wasps Were Chosen

Our experts searched the pine woods of Norfolk and decided to send hundreds of thousands of black wasps from the Parasite Laboratory at Farnham House near Windsor.

Out of forty kinds of parasites feeding on caterpillars these wasps have been chosen for the adventure because they lay their eggs in the body of the caterpillar and are the greediest of all!

One can imagine the wasps buzzing with excitement in their scores of porridge tins, for their passage is being paid by the Dominion Government.

Their first stop will be Ottawa, to call on the Canadian Forestry Department. After that, it is safe to say, some will find their way right across Canada, for British Columbia tops all the provinces with one-half the amount of timber growing in the whole country.

Unexplored Forest Land

Ontario, too, with her 70 million acres of forest, will doubtless provide plenty of food for the insects; while in Northern Manitoba there are many thousand square miles of unexplored forest land, through which (somebody has said) lakes and rivers are threaded like jewels on a string. So the black wasps are in for a good time!

It is expected that the black wasps will save the Empire millions of pounds, for Canada is our great soft-wood storehouse, containing about 547 million acres out of a total of only 575 million acres in the British Empire.

Lumbering has always been the Dominion's greatest source of employment, and the products of the forests occupy a place in her export trade second only to those of agriculture.

A Vital Problem

We are all vitally concerned with the saving of timber, for since the wholesale devastation of British forests during the Great War the United Kingdom has to import seven-eighths of all wood materials used.

The Admiralty has agreed to use Douglas fir from British Columbia for decking new ships, and the Board of Control has decided to use the same wood in the construction of lifeboats. Our railways, too, are now buying quantities of Canadian timber for sleepers in place of the Baltic pine which has been used hitherto.

The destruction of Nature's vast resources in Canada is a serious menace, not only to the Empire but to the welfare of the world, for in all civilised lands forest materials enter into the processes of production to an amazing extent. It is good to know that the great drama of the forest is being more fully understood every year, and that it is at last receiving the enthusiastic attention it deserves.

All success to the tiny black wasps! We shall follow their adventure overseas with great interest.

THE KINEMA CAR

A New Idea in the World

SHOWMAN'S PLAN BORN OF HARD TIMES

It comes as a shock to us in our "tight little island" to learn that the majority of relief-giving agencies in the United States consider a car to be a family necessity, and do not debar car owners from receiving relief.

But "necessities" necessarily differ in nature in small countries with a dense population and large countries with sparse ones. We only have to remember that England will go three times into the State of California, with almost enough left over to make Wales, to understand why a car may be considered as essential as food in that part of the world.

An inquiry into standards of living among the poorest people in the Californian population, the immigrant Mexicans of San Diego, showed that among 100 families with an average monthly income of 100 dollars more than a quarter of the number owned a car.

Car as Private Box

Mr R. M. Holingshead, an enterprising business man of Camden, New Jersey, has taken advantage of this peculiar feature of American life to inaugurate a new type of cinema theatre which has proved most popular in the warm weather. This theatre has seven semi-circular driveways, each somewhat higher than the one in front. The audience comes in its cars, and remains in them throughout the performance, each car forming a private box for the occupants. Five hundred cars can be accommodated, and ample space has been left for them to enter and leave.

The films are shown on an asbestos background to reduce the danger of fire, and a special sound system has been installed by the Victor Company to enable the sound films to be heard perfectly throughout the wide expanse of the Drive-In Theatre.

PEACE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

A Graphic Exhibit

HOW THE MONEY GOES

In the great Chicago Fair there is only one exhibit of Peace, but this, we are glad to say, owes its introduction to a number of young people.

The Chicago Youth Peace Council insisted that you could not show progress without featuring peace; Miss Jane Addams, one of the great women of America, agreed with them, and together they found the 5000 dollars needed to install their exhibit.

War's progress is shown graphically. Old-fashioned warfare, with the family safe at home while the man defends them on the battlefield, is contrasted with modern warfare, where the man may be eaten by rats in a filthy trench, though that by no means prevents his family from being destroyed by bombs in their home.

The change in fighting-men's views of war is depicted by a scene showing the World War Veterans parade last March at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, pleading for peace. The idea of arbitration is illustrated by a copy of the Christ of the Andes. A map of world trade shows the universal need of peace that the peoples may prosper.

The most effective exhibit of all is the statement that the United States spends two million dollars a day on its army and navy, and beneath this statement a miniature copy of the Treasury Building in Washington, with a continuous flow of money down its steps arranged on a belt run by electricity. All this money goes into a cannon at the bottom. It is an admirable way of helping people to realise the greatest waste that goes on in the world today.

CONTROL OF SUPPLIES

Government's Marketing Schemes

AN AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION

By a Country Correspondent

A constitutional revolution is being achieved by the recent Agricultural Marketing Act.

This Act provides a method of controlling imports so that they do not swamp essential agricultural interests, and hopes, by arranging contracts with home producers, to secure reasonably regular supplies. These contracts will be binding and businesslike and can be enforced. In everyone's interest it is desirable to secure reasonable steadiness of price-levels on national grounds. The farmer has to plan his production a year or more ahead, and if he is to continue to be the sport of the very exceptional conditions now prevailing home-produced food may become very scarce in some seasons.

English-Grown Bacon

A useful Pig Marketing Scheme is being considered by pig-breeders. To encourage the curing of bacon farmers are asked to register and then contract to supply a definite number of bacon pigs regularly to the bacon curers during the curing season. Any farmer who registers will be held to his contract, but may not send in more. As soon as the Minister of Agriculture knows what the country promises to produce, the quota of foreign supplies will be fixed with the object of securing reasonably steady price-levels year by year, and English-grown bacon will be seen on the breakfast table in increasing quantities; but only the registered producers may sell bacon pigs to the curers.

If the scheme is well supported other interests may ask to be controlled and protected in the same way.

It is possible that surplus bacon pigs may be sent into the fresh pork market and seriously prejudice those farmers who cater for the "young porker" trade, and thus the demand for control will gradually be extended.

Great Britain cannot look for the heavy export trade of twenty and more years ago. Other nations are increasing their capacity for manufacture, and it seems desirable that our good agriculturists should not be driven out of business by erratic or excessive supplies of surplus foodstuffs from overseas, sent in with no regard for demand.

70,000 TELEPHONES UP

And No Wrong Numbers (We Hope)

A great modern city is full of many complications.

For instance, in London alterations are being made to the Chancery Lane Station of the Central London Railway, a new booking hall being constructed under Holborn.

Apart from other public services of great importance, this has meant big alterations to the telephone service.

A hundred cables affecting 70,000 telephone lines must be taken up and relaid elsewhere. The work will occupy nearly a year, and yet the Post Office believes that no telephone user will suffer, for no disconnections will be made before alternative cables are brought into use.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 244 hrs.	Aberdeen . 3.07 ins.
Rainfall . . . 1.73 ins.	Falmouth . 2.67 ins.
Dry days . . . 19	Birmingham 2.08 ins.
Days with rain . 12	Southampton 1.73 ins.
Warmest days 26th, 27th	Gorleston . 1.61 ins.
Coollest day . . . 13th	Liverpool . 1.25 ins.

SMOKE DESTROYING OUR BUILDINGS

£60,000,000 Gone in
25 Years

EVERY GRATE CONTRIBUTES

As we sit by the fire on a winter evening watching the flames making pictures as the coal is consumed we little realise that that combustion is stealing a grain or two from some fine building not far away.

Yet so it is in our towns, and the cost of restoration of the damage done by sulphur and smoke from the fires of the domestic hearth and factory furnace adds up to colossal figures.

Sir Frank Baines, in an estimate given to the National Smoke Abatement Society, an estimate, he assured them, far below the actual total, calculated that the cost of making good the damage done by atmospheric pollution of buildings and statuary in the past 25 years was between 55 and 60 millions of pounds.

How Modern Buildings Suffer

Sir Frank has been engaged in the restoration of the stonework of the Houses of Parliament, a comparatively modern building, and he showed how it had suffered from the impurities of the London atmosphere.

As another example he gave the Nurse Cavell Monument, over which a dingy yellow discoloration is spreading; formerly it was cleaned four times a year, but now it has to be cleaned six times a year.

Yet there are men who still attack the cost of known methods of prevention on the score of expense!

Legislation, however, is tentatively attempting to control the emission of smoke and injurious gases from power-stations, factories, and industrial units, while the Smoke Abatement Society is using persuasion wherever it can. But more and more it is being realised that the ordinary dweller in cottage, flat, and mansion is a serious offender against the commonweal in this matter.

Harmful To Human Health

It will be, we fear, many years before Parliament will dare to regulate private consumption of coal in open grates, even though doctors declare that smoke and the resulting loss of sunlight and the prevalence of invisible gases around us are as harmful to human health as they are to buildings and statues.

Still, everyone can do something to help this great crusade by restricting as far as possible the use of coal and adopting gas and electric fires for a greater number of rooms than at present.

WHY?

Australian Farmers Puzzled

We hope this extract from an Australian farmer's letter to the Editor will catch the eye of some of our manufacturers.

My son wanted a vacuum flask refill a day or two ago. English 8s 6d, American 2s 6d for the whole thing, in spite of preference!

Even if the British one lasted three times as long, what advantage?

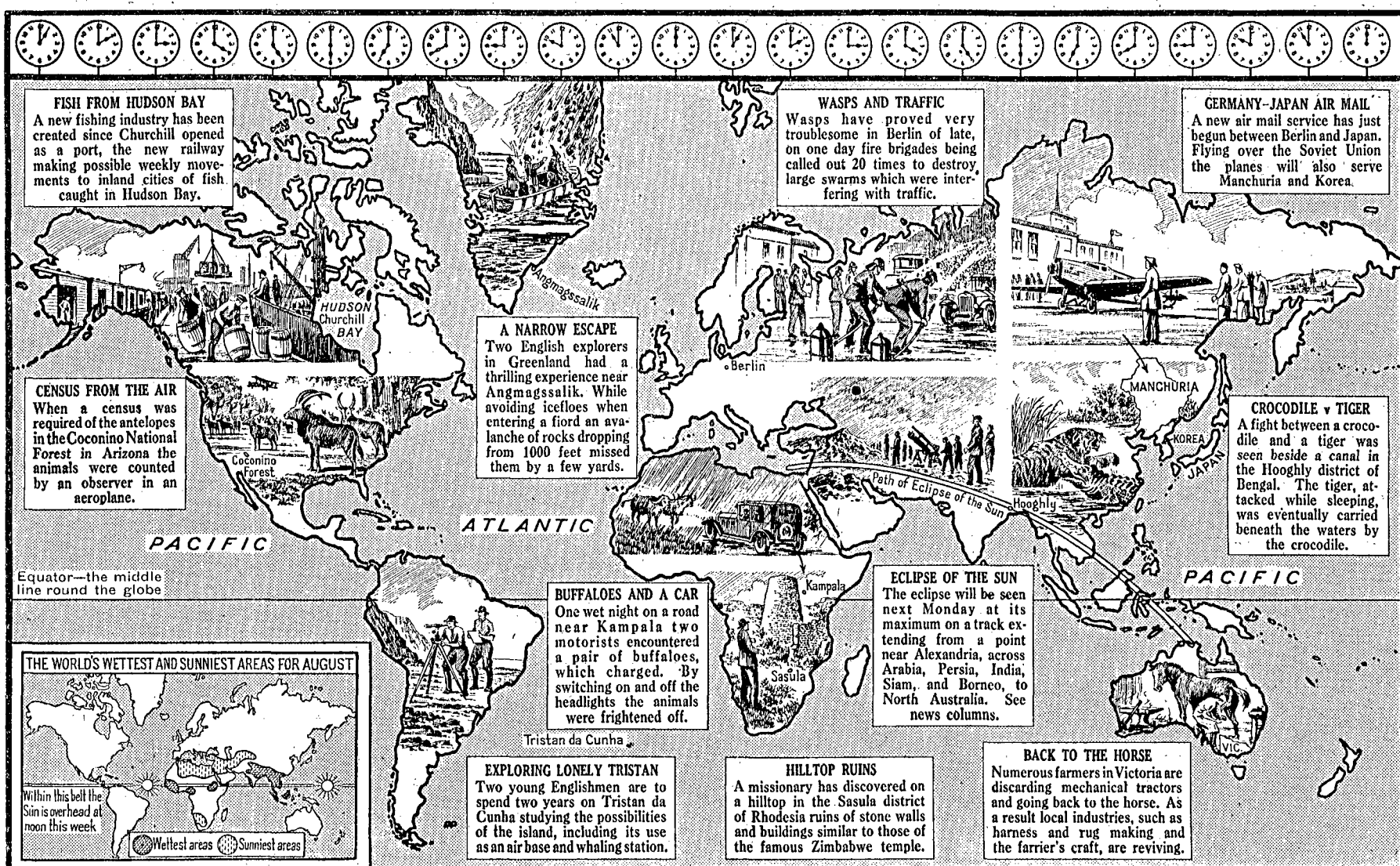
We want Empire goods; but look again at motor-trucks (we have been thinking of getting one instead of having to depend on the carrier). An English truck costs £700, an American £300. We don't want the things to last for ever; they become obsolete. Bridges for ever, if you like, but not necessarily machinery.

With cars it is the same. English are no good on our roads; their horse-power is too low.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE LITTLE CASKET FROM BANNOCKBURN Scotland's For Ever

The Monymusk Reliquary is going to belong to Scotland for ever.

The little casket was carried before Bruce's army at Bannockburn. Wherever it went, so the legend ran, Scotland would be victorious.

Once it held a bone of St Columba. The relic of that great missionary was kept in a little wooden casket overlaid with Celtic silver. Long ago the bone vanished, but the ancient casket has been guarded for centuries, finally by a private Scottish family.

At last this family had to sell it. The relic of Scotland's ancient days, with all its glorious memories, was sent to a firm of auctioneers. Then, to Scotland's relief, it was withdrawn from public sale.

Now we hear that it is to go to the National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh for £2500. The National Art Collections Fund has offered to pay nearly half of this, and the rest has been subscribed by Scotsmen who could not bear to think that the luck of Scotland should leave Scotland.

To their forefathers the little casket was a holy thing, and to them it is something very precious.

It is good that it should not go into the cabinet of some rich collector, but should be Scotland's for ever.

DOWN THEY COME The War Against the Slums

The slums are coming tumbling down at last. One after the other our cities are announcing their fall.

Norwich has lately issued its programme with the good news that by 1938 there will not be a slum left in that fair city.

It is a splendid Five-Year-Plan, involving the pulling-down of 500 slum dwellings a year and the rehousing of over 8000 people. This will add about £7500 on the rates for forty years.

LESSONS ON THE HILLSIDE An Experiment at Oxford

An experiment is being tried in Oxford which may have far-reaching consequences for boys and girls of the future.

Every day during the summer fourteen elementary schools are sending classes out into the country. With their teachers the children travel by bus to the Wytham estate and have lessons out of doors in ideal surroundings among flowers and birds on the hillside. Seven widely scattered classrooms have been built for days when it is too wet or cold to sit outside.

More than 200 children a day are taken from their drab surroundings of narrow, crowded streets and learn to know the wonders of the natural world. Their parents are only too glad to pay the bus fares. During the three years of this experiment the effect on the minds, outlook, and health of the children, who are being given this new experience during the most impressionable years of their lives, has been said to be astonishing. Each child spends a day a week in these beautiful surroundings.

ROVER HAS A MEDAL

Rover of the Mill Farm, Anstey, has a medal. He does not care a button for the medal, but his master is proud of it.

Rover is a collie. Some time ago a bull attacked two men; and it is believed that both would have been gored and trampled to death if it had not been for Rover.

Instead of tucking his tail between his legs and running the plucky dog plunged into the fray and seized the bull by the nose. He hung on, and the bull forgot everything else except Rover. The men escaped, and got weapons.

Luckily Rover survived; and the National Canine Defence League has given him a medal.

AUNT SALLY IN SURREY Better Late Than Never

Austria has forbidden its newspapers to shriek their contents in ridiculously big headlines; and now we are relieved to hear that petrol stations are no longer to be allowed to shriek at us as we pass along the road—at least in Surrey.

For Surrey (about the worst county for shanties and Aunt Sallys) is waking up. Almost too late she is realising that she has thrown away her heritage, and is now trying to save what is left of it with stringent byelaws forbidding ugly and too numerous petrol pumps.

In future they are to be all of one colour, preferably green, and six weeks notice must be given to the Clerk of the County Council before a new one is set up or an approved one altered.

In future an ugly petrol pump in Surrey may cost the owner £20 a day in the form of fines.

It is too late to save Surrey from all its ugliness, but it is better to begin late than never.

HONOURS FOR A MINER

A Nottinghamshire miner has won an honours degree in economics at London University. He is Mr G. V. Keeling, and is 32.

He worked for ten years in the mines, as his father did before him. Then he became unemployed and spent the time studying to such good effect that he won the Miner's National Scholarship of £1000. Nottingham, also, awarded him a scholarship.

Now he has an honours degree, but we gather that he does not consider that a man is living if he spends his time doing mental gymnastics. Mr Keeling is out to apply his knowledge practically.

BANG GOES £50,000

The Forestry Commissioners have destroyed fifty thousand pounds worth of plants for which they had no use owing to the cutting-down of their plans.

THE NEW ARETHUSA A Beautiful Ship on the River Medway

The berth of the new Arethusa, which has taken the place of an older vessel loaned by the Admiralty in 1874, lies off Upnor Castle, opposite Chatham Dockyard basin.

The boys of this training-ship will thus have constantly under their notice numerous cruisers and vessels in which they may be serving in years to come.

The Admiralty is very helpful in training-ship work, this new vessel being docked in one of the longer slips of Chatham Yard for a short time while being refitted in the Medway. The graceful vessel is over 100 yards long, 322 feet in fact, and is steel-built in contrast to the old wooden Arethusa which saw service in the Crimea. The older vessel was equipped by the generosity of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, but this new ship is now appealing for a further fifteen thousand pounds from those interested in shipping, social work, and practical training.

As the tiny Upnor Pier is not suitable the Arethusa has had to have a little landing jetty of her own, and near by is the land acquired for shore exercises and organised games.

The graceful lines of this 22-year-old nitrate clipper will be another attraction to those visiting the Medway.

The increasing pressure of traffic and work on the Thames made it imperative that a berth should be found elsewhere, and the new berth appears a very happy choice for the fortunate lads who secure admission to this beautiful ship.

A FARM OF LONG AGO

Beneath three to four feet of peat the Fenland Research Committee has found a sandy island near Ely where men were living in the Bronze Age.

From the animal bones found among their flint implements it is proved that they had their own oxen, pigs, and sheep, and did little hunting for wild animals.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 19 1933

Adversity Drives Us On

IN a day the United States President has set free tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of children. He has put in motion machinery to liberate hundreds of thousands more, till a million and a half boys and girls will be slipping out of the gloom of factories and mills into the beneficent sunshine of a Land of Liberty.

This Freedom has been established by forbidding the employment of children or young people under 16 in the Cotton Industry. That has been done by a stroke of the pen. The prohibition of the employment of young people below that age in any industry throughout the United States is less simple, because of the entanglement of the varying laws of individual States of the Union. But it will proceed.

The reform is long overdue. Child labour in America has been a scandal for many, many years. For all too long has the might of money-making prevailed over human rights, especially when they were the rights of the weakest, the little ones.

While America was prospering exceedingly, and wages there were the highest in the world, the Cry of the Children went unheard in the rumbling boom of good times.

When the cyclone of the slump traversed the States from the Pacific to the Atlantic, sweeping millions out of employment, closing hundreds of factories, driving businesses and industries into bankruptcy, then even the profits of employing cheap children began to vanish. This was the President's opportunity.

He had ended one Prohibition: he would start a new one!

If the unemployed millions were to be absorbed again places must be found for them. This might possibly be done by shortening the hours of labour; but an immediate remedy would be to cut out the children from the overstocked labour market.

This the President perceived, and he swiftly grasped the opportunity. We are inclined to think that, whatever else President Roosevelt does, the new Charter of Liberty he has given to boys and girls will be remembered as one of his most courageous and statesmanlike acts.

By taking a million boys and girls out of industry altogether he will not only make room for more men and women, but he is ensuring the growth of a healthier and happier generation of youth. Prosperity did not do this thing; it needed Adversity. It is Adversity that drives us on. Let us pray that it is a good omen for us all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Wren's Spire

THE spire of St Bride's Church, Wren's highest and perhaps the most graceful of all his spires, is now in splints, and we cannot resist an occasional admiring glance at these brave builders on their perilous perch, who, having climbed to the very top of Fleet Street, can now look down on all its humble workers, seeing us in our window-seat dictating this.

A Red Rose

ONE more rose has gone into the Editor's red rose box, delivered by little Margaret Allbright on behalf of the Electricity Commissioners as rent for the right of passage under the drive to the Editor's hilltop.

It is, we believe, the youngest red rose rent in England, and as far as we know the only red rose rent for an electric cable anywhere. It seems to us a fair exchange—sweetness for light.

Great Gonerby Finds Twopence-Halfpenny

GREAT GONERBY, near Grantham, has been cleaning out its village pond and has found some money: twopence-halfpenny, to be exact.

Besides this the pond yielded 30 tons of sludge, three tons of bricks and stone, numerous old rubber tyres and perambulator wheels, and about 250 sticks, some of them fishing-rods of the more youthful inhabitants, while others had probably been used for poking about in the mud in the hope of retrieving that lost twopence-halfpenny.

The contents of the pond also proved that one of the great puzzles of the age is how to get rid of old safety-razor blades.

We know of a lot of other village ponds that would do with a clearance, and from the look of them would probably yield still more tons of rubbish. It is worth doing, for there may always be a threepenny-bit at the bottom; and in any case the ponds do look so much nicer clean.

Here, surely, is a chance for some of our unemployed. Now then, Smith!

One Thing Necessary

ALTHOUGH Mr H. G. Wells trusts that eventually man's sanity will come to his aid, he has been saying things about the future of poison gas which fill the heart with horror unspeakable.

Taking up a book written some little while ago by Mr Winston Churchill we read the following words, which it would be well never to forget with regard to such prophecies:

Without an equal growth of mercy, pity, peace, and love, Science herself may destroy all that makes life majestic and tolerable.

If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it. Jesus

How Many Times?

THE young man with whom everything seemed to be going wrong met the Philosopher.

"I have tried so often to find that which I want," he said, "that I dare not try again."

"Yet remember," the Philosopher answered, "that it was the many failures and the one last try which landed the boat from the storm safely to the shore."

The young man went away and tried again.

Tip-Cat

PILLION-RIDING, is not so common as it was. But by some it is still considered vulgar.

If the doctor orders you change of air you needn't get the wind up.

MOTORISTS are often puzzled what to do when they come to a fork in the road. They should take it.

A VISITOR at a seaside resort observes that the most enthusiastic bathers are below average height. Perhaps they have been cut off by the tide.



always been a vegetarian. So he does not mind if the times are out of joint.

MOST English people learn to swim. They are not easily damped.

AN elephant, we are told, may be sent by post. It provides its own stamp.

A WRITER complains that telephone girls are chosen for their looks. He can't see the sense.

A WELL-KNOWN cricketer is taking up singing. He should have a good pitch.

MILLIONS of years ago the coalfields of Britain were forests. And the coal industry is not yet out of the wood.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MAULDEN schoolchildren in Bedfordshire have bought £1000 worth of Savings Certificates.

A WEMBLEY man has left a neighbour £20 for a little act of friendliness.

A LONDON lady has received a letter from the Prime Minister on her hundredth birthday.

JUST AN IDEA

Every good idea that comes into the world has in itself the possibility of its realisation.

The Cry of the Children

By Our Town Girl

There is grave danger that not only our countryside but the very heavens are to be spoiled for our children.

TAKE not our sky;

We only have the streets, Unbeautiful too often, where there beats

The dusty noise of traffic. Up on high

THE windy clouds blow,

And the sunsets spread Their glory on the deep far blue. O'erhead Dwells sometimes all we have of Earth to show

THAT beauty is our dower.

We see no waves That fringe the shores or thunder to the caves, No sweet green meadows, and no wild rose bower.

WE only have the sky

Like God's great peace; Over the chimney-tops the white, blown fleece Of clouds are flocks of blessings wafted by.

OH MAN, who gave us bricks for greenness, Leave our sky!

Save the Children

WE agree with the National Safety Congress that every care should be taken to educate a child to take care of itself in our noisy streets.

By all means let us all learn to jump out of the way with the utmost celerity. If it is possible to train a child to look both ways at once so very much the better! There is also much to be said for research into the possibility of providing us all with several new eyes.

On the other hand, as our children number millions while roadhogs are only in thousands, we suggest that it would be simpler to bring the roadhogs to reason.

We suggest as a programme which would save thousands of lives:

1. Any driver convicted of dangerous driving should be suspended for ten years, and, if he kills, should not drive again.
2. A speed limit for all vehicles should be sternly enforced.
3. No licence should be granted to any person not physically fit, or any person who has not passed an examination.

Perhaps some kind and wise M.P. will stir up our slumbering Parliament to the dangers of being alive.

To Wish You

Every year some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things; and longer stay of time when you are happy, and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

EARLIEST PAINTING OF CHRIST THE HEALER

FOUND AFTER 17
CENTURIES

A Home of Christianity on the
Banks of the Euphrates

NEW PICTURE GALLERIES OF
BIBLE SCENES

The earliest known picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick has been found in a third-century chapel at the ruined city of Dura on the right bank of the Middle Euphrates.

This wall-painting is one of many subject pictures of scenes from the Old and New Testaments adorning a building believed to have been the chapel of a bishop. Close by is a Jewish synagogue with similar paintings of Old Testament scenes. Inscriptions in Aramaic and Greek on tiles record that this synagogue was constructed by a Jew named Samuel in 245 A.D.

A Third-Century Siege

History tells us that this city, after being for centuries a bone of contention between the Romans and the Parthians, became definitely Roman in 165 A.D. Over ten thousand coins have been found, but as the last date on them is 256 it must have been about that time that the Persians took it, so utterly destroying it that it has ever since lain a ruin, with desert sand piling over the buildings of its 5000 former inhabitants.

The desperate efforts of the defenders to strengthen the ramparts in the awful weeks of the siege meant that buildings by the walls were sacrificed to the works designed to defeat mining operations, and many of the recent discoveries were preserved for us by this action.

Sun, rain, and wind have never reached the treasures they contained, so that wooden doors, textile fabrics, parchments, and all the paintings are as fresh as those preserved by the wonderful climate of Egypt.

Amazing Finds

Professor Rostovtzeff has for the last few years been directing an expedition from Yale University in excavating a plateau under which lies all that remains of Dura. He has been describing his amazing finds to the British Academy, and made students of Christianity and Art impatient for his book about them.

The professor described what he saw in the Christian chapel, the synagogue, and the many temples to the Great Goddess. The ceiling of the chapel was adorned with stars, while on the walls was an inscription in Greek with the name of the dedicator, Proclus.

There were pictures of Adam and Eve, of David and Goliath from the Old Testament, and of the Good Shepherd and a very numerous flock, of many of Our Lord's Miracles, including the Healing of the Sick and the Walking on the Sea, in which occurs the earliest representation of Peter. Most interesting of all was the visit of the three Marys to the grave of Christ with myrrh and torches in their hands.

Appeal of the New Faith

The paintings on the walls of the synagogue are equal in their beauty and show series of scenes from the Bible. The Temple is what is known to art students as Hellenistic, the style of Art which flourished in Alexandria; and later art found in Syria and Mesopotamia shows strong influence of this school, though its restraint is tempered by the homely and naturalistic style of the Aramaic-speaking Syrians.

Christianity took strong root in this part of the world in the first few centuries of our era, its Semitic inhabitants fervently embracing the new faith with its human appeal. We have much still to learn about this wonderful Syrian Church and its influence over the Churches of the first ten centuries.

THE WOODEN PIERS OF ENGLAND

AMONG English pier owners 1933 is in a fair way to be known as the year of the Great Fire.

Morecambe's is the latest to go up in flames, a loss estimated at £60,000, for there is little of it left. Southport, another popular watering-place, saved most of its long pier a month or two ago, but watched the flames devour the hall at the end. Twice within the last two months has Colwyn Bay had to call the firemen to its pier; the first

time the large pavilion, seating 1400 people, was completely destroyed; the second time a smaller pavilion was burned out and a travelling theatrical company lost all its property.

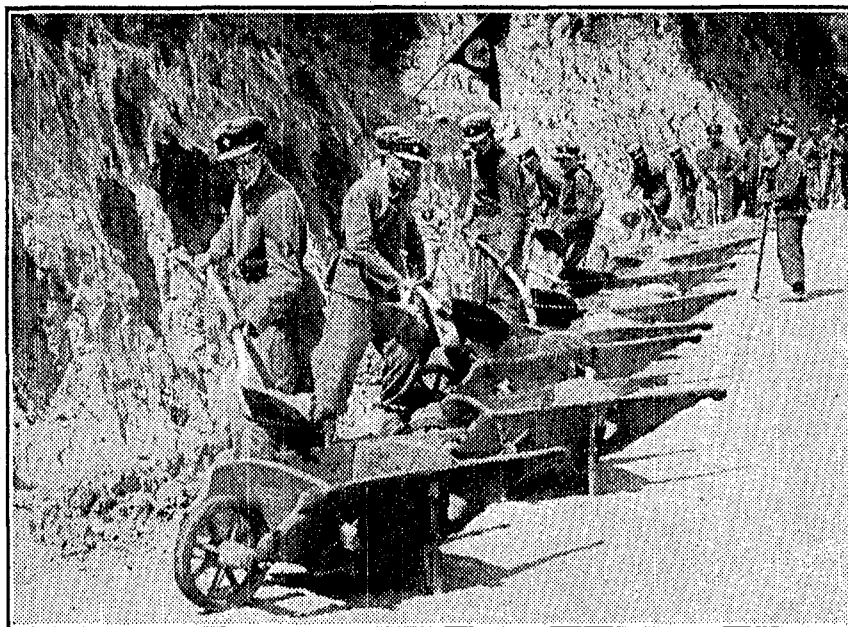
These wooden piers flare up as easily as the wooden houses which were so general in Old London.

As London was rebuilt in stone and brick after its Great Fire, so must our architects turn their minds to something instead of wood if new piers are to be built.

AUSTRIA'S PEACE ARMY



Making a road



Austria is helping to solve its unemployment problem by organising a voluntary army of workers under the control of the Government. The men are provided with uniforms and tools and are paid wages.

SHARING A PAIR OF SHOES

LEOPOLD PILICHOWSKI has painted his last picture.

This brilliant Jewish artist, born in an obscure Polish village, won his way to fame by hard work and infinite perseverance.

At 13 he was befriended by a literary man who encouraged his rare talent and helped in his development as an artist.

The turning-point of his life came when Leopold won a scholarship, so that he was able to study in the art schools of Cracow, Munich, and Paris. Very soon he made his mark as a painter. His early years in the country had not been wasted, for his feeling for the beauty of Nature and his love of animals are shown in many of his pictures.

For some years he was so poor that he shared a suit of clothes and a pair of

shoes with a mate, but still he went on painting. When at last he made enough money to return to Poland he painted some of his best pictures, studies of Jewish life.

Honour came to him in Paris, for one of his pictures was bought for the nation and hung in the Musée du Luxembourg. He held exhibitions in the chief European capitals.

During the war he came to live in England, and painted portraits of famous men. Many will remember him for his great painting of the opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, which took him two years to finish.

Leopold Pilichowski had countless friends. He must have done much good, for one of the great interests of his life was social work among his own people.

A FENLAND MYSTERY SOLVED

WHAT IS A RODDON?

How the Bed of a Stream Was
Lifted Up Above Its Banks

A FASCINATING AREA

By a Scientific Correspondent

A thrilling explanation has been put forward to account for what are called roddons in our Fenland, curious raised banks which meander over the surface of the flat country.

Why these should be called roddons is not clear. The word itself is as mysterious in origin as the things it describes have been until this recent explanation came to hand.

Their erratic course made it impossible to believe that they represented ancient boundaries, while no known agencies were considered capable of accounting for them.

A Strange State of Affairs

This is the sort of problem that always attracts those inquisitive excavating people, the archaeologists, one of whom, Major Fowler of Ely, is the man we have to thank for a rational explanation of the roddons.

It is an altogether remarkable explanation, for Major Fowler has shown that these wandering banks are the silted-up beds of ancient streams which at one time flowed over the Fenland.

It is at once obvious that we have here a very strange state of affairs, for stream beds do not usually appear as raised banks, but, on the contrary, form well-marked hollows in the land surface. Major Fowler has nevertheless satisfactorily explained this.

Shrinkage of the Peat

He shows that when the great drainage of the Fens took place in the 17th century a very extensive and progressive shrinkage of the peat of that area took place. This had the effect of lowering the whole level of the land surface; but the beds of the streams, not being made of peat, were, like certain goods advertised today, unshrinkable. Their high peat banks sank lower and lower, till the bed of the stream became a bank in their stead.

So far as is known it is only in the Fenland that roddons can be seen. Apart from Major Fowler's evidence there is also in existence a further striking proof of the shrinkage of Fenland peat.

Many years ago at Holme, near Whittlesea Mere, an iron post was driven into the ground so that its top was flush with the surface. Today the summit of that post stands many feet above the ground, and as more and more water is drained from the peat so will the surface continue to sink, for it is not to be supposed that this process is yet completed.

Remains of Plant Life

Peat is composed of the compressed remains of plant life which lives only where marshy open-air conditions are present. The presence of peat shows, therefore, that a soggy land surface once existed, and if the peat is of considerable thickness, as it often is in the Fens, then it is clear that the land surface as it existed in those days was being slowly submerged.

This formed the deep layers of peat, and much later came the land drainage which made it shrink.

This is only one of the Fenland's many secrets to be solved, for it is a fascinating area, allowing plenty of scope for the Fenland Research Committee recently established at Cambridge. The Committee in question is composed of experts in many branches of science, and much may be expected from their labours.

BLIND CONQUERORS WINNING THEIR WAY TO SUCCESS

The Spirit That Masters
Circumstance

AN OXFORD TRIUMPH

Three times of late the world has had fresh evidence of the conquest a blind man can make over his difficulties.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association in Dublin an address of 10,000 words was delivered by the president, Professor Gillman Moorhead, who is totally blind.

A few days earlier came the publication of a book by a man blinded in the beginning of the war who tells us that he has since learned to box, swim, and dive, and has built up a large practice as an osteopath. "I am able to box by the sense of pressure (atmospheric pressure if you like) caused and varied by the presence of my opponent and his movements: to the latter I react immediately, sometimes so quickly that I am able to deliver a very unexpected punch. So, also, when swimming at the Bath Club I feel my approach to the end of the bath by almost an inch."

The Urge of Independence

Thus writes Captain Lowry in his book *From Mons to 1933*, published by Simpkin Marshall at 5s.

He determined from the beginning not to be dependent and pitiful. After qualifying as a masseur he passed on to osteopathy, and has made a successful career for himself. But as all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy the blind osteopath boxes twice a week, runs, swims, steers a boat, and goes skiing in the winter.

The third case we have in mind is that of Miss Hazel Winter, the blind girl who has just gained first-class honours in the final History examination at Oxford, a crowning example of success in a most difficult branch of welfare work. By means of special aids for the sightless she has been able to acquire knowledge which places her in the front rank of women students.

As a girl she was able to enjoy a public school education at Chorley Wood College, a school run by the National Institute For the Blind, and while there she achieved the remarkable feat of winning an open scholarship to the university. Geometry and other mathematical studies were carried out by means of specially constructed boards, and typographical devices allowed her to understand geography, make her own notes, and read in a wide field of literature.

A Charming Trait

During her three years at Oxford many text-books had to be studied in connection with her course, and her sightlessness prevented her from reading ordinary printed matter. Volunteers attached to the National Institute For the Blind made Braille manuscript copies of any works required by her, and it shows a charming trait in this blind girl's nature that her first act on hearing the result of her examination was to telephone the news to her friends at the National Institute.

Now that her university course is ended Miss Winter (who was born blind) intends to travel on the Continent, after which she will return to her historical research work in the hope of obtaining a lectureship in history.

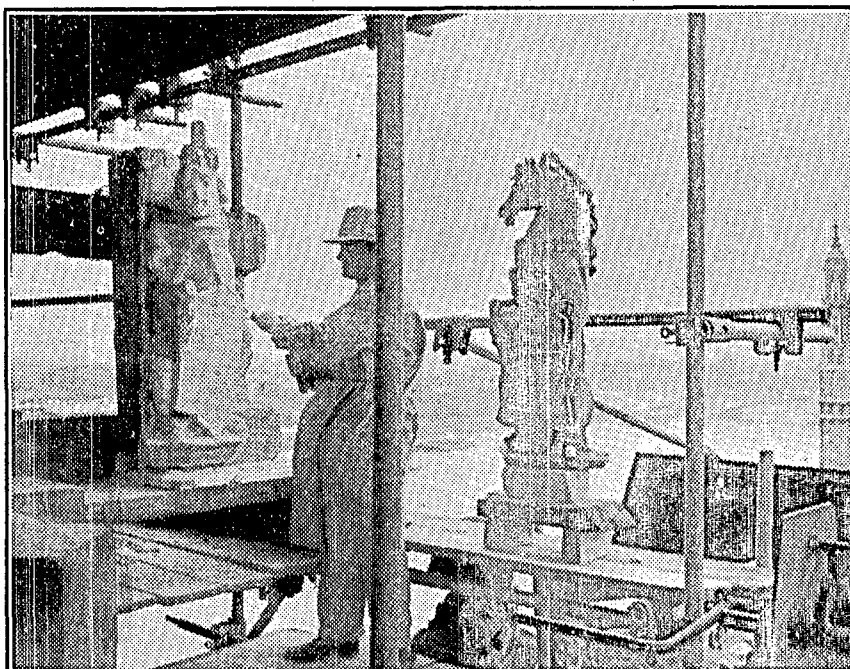
GREAT CHESTERFORD'S GREAT LADY

At Great Chesterford in Essex a white-haired lady may be seen any Sunday playing the American organ for the Congregational Sunday School.

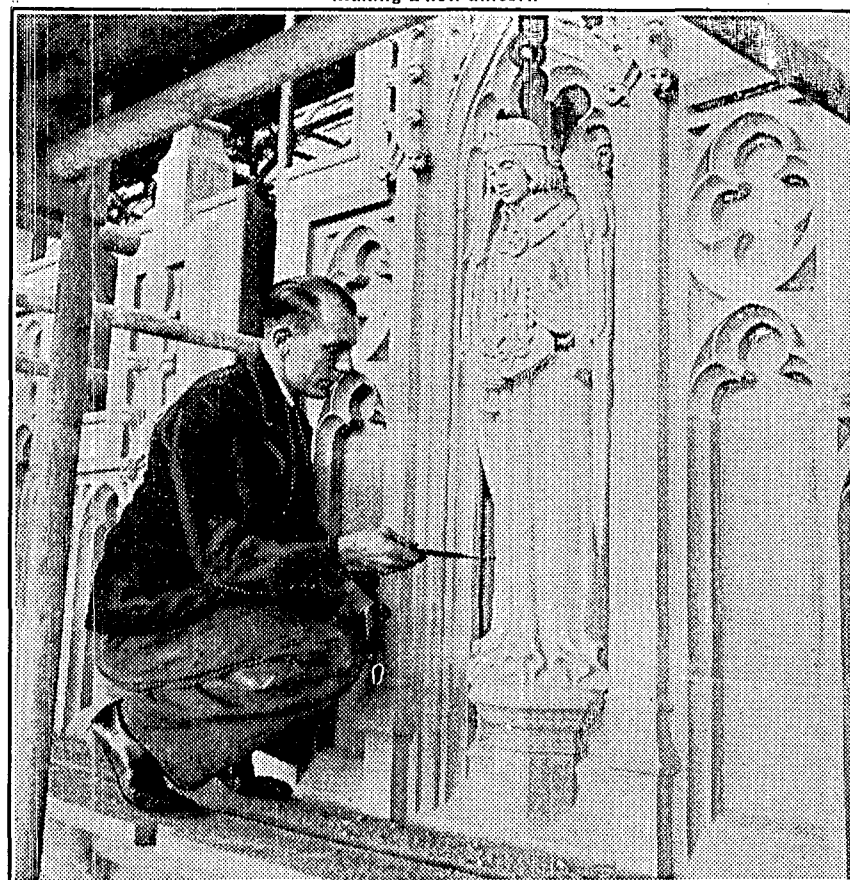
For 59 years she has given her Sunday afternoons to this service. She started when she was ten; she is now 69.

Here, then, is yet another to be added to the worth-while records the C.N. has been printing.

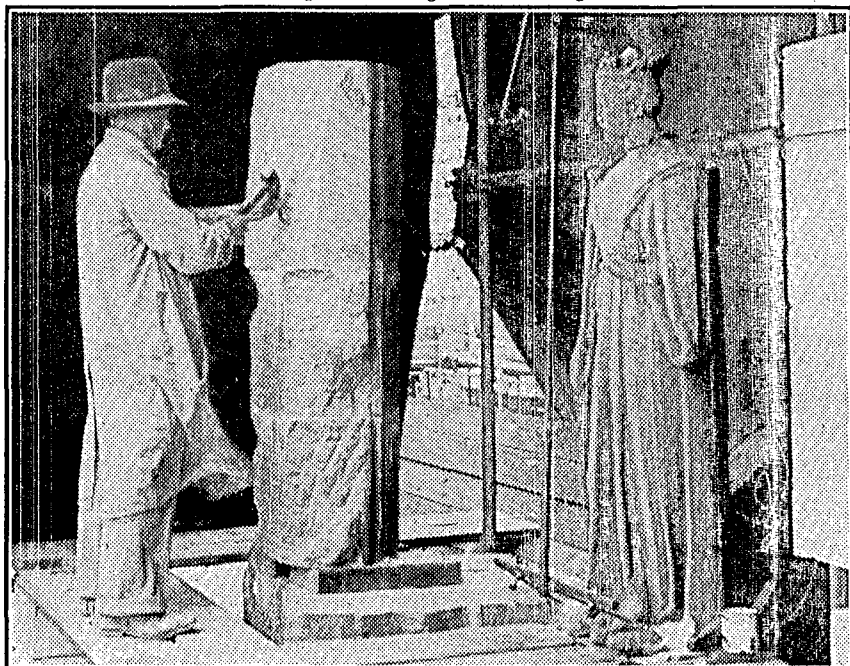
WESTMINSTER'S NEW STATUARY



Making a new unicorn



Putting the finishing touches to a figure



Rough-hewing a new statue

The restoration work on the Houses of Parliament has involved the replacement of much of the statuary which had decayed in London's atmosphere. In these pictures sculptors are seen at work on the building, carving new figures and heraldic devices.

IN A PLAGUE CAMP

A Great Achievement TREES AND SPACES

A friend of the C.N. just back from India has told us an interesting thing.

A year ago plague broke out in the cities of a certain Indian province, a sign that rats, those dreaded and deadly plague-bringers, were prevalent; and immediately the British officials set to work to organise their extinction.

This was at the end of August last year. By November 25,000 Indians had left their homes and were encamped in hundreds of huts and tents on an expanse of land adjoining some of the cities, those with plague having been sent to the town hospitals.

A Mushroom Town

Not only this, but the byways between the tents were lighted by electric light, pumps brought water from the main, a few shops had been erected, and a Red Cross hospital hut was in full swing, in charge of a British nurse, with Indian nurses under her. An open-air cinema was there and health lectures had been organised, while workers, such as basket-makers, sat at their tents making goods for market.

The tents were made by the Indians themselves of straw fastened together at the top. The huts (the frames of which had already been erected and which were always kept in this great open space in case of an infectious outbreak of any kind) had merely to have sides of wood and tin roofs added to them. Trees for shade from the ever-beating Sun had been put round the encampment by British officials—for wherever the British go in India they leave trees along the way.

Poison Gas

Meanwhile other officials, including British and Indian doctors, were busy in the vacated houses. Each one had to be closed up and pumped with poison gas until every rat should be destroyed and the cities cleansed for the owners' return.

The C.N. friend and her husband, who is a magistrate, went often to visit the Plague Camp to supervise the little hospital, to see how things were going and to speak to some of their Indian friends.

For mile upon mile these yellow straw tents and wooden huts stretched, a quiet little mushroom city, quiet because, although there dwelt together all those thousands of people of every class and creed, speaking several languages, complete order was maintained throughout the seven months of its encampment.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR ITALY

English boys and girls may now spend three months of the summer at the University of Perugia in Italy.

Here there are summer courses for foreigners, and a new Italian scheme allows scholarships to be won by English boys and girls while still at their secondary school.

The first fortunate winners, one boy and three girls, are from the County School, Enfield; King Edward's School, Birmingham; Bournemouth Secondary School; and the Municipal Secondary School, Oxford. The holders are given free return tickets from London to Perugia, 500 lire a month, and pay no fees at the university.

This is a wonderful experience for a boy or a girl just leaving school. We hope that a similar opportunity will be made for Italian schoolboys and girls to come and visit us.

There were over 1000 delegates from all nations at the 25th Esperanto Congress in Cologne.

The L.M.S. Railway now has 112 trains making daily start-to-stop runs at an average speed of 55 miles an hour.

EGGS LAID IN ENGLAND

Hatched Across the World AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

For the first time on record eggs laid by hens in England have been shipped to New Zealand and hatched.

The experiment has aroused keen interest, and New Zealand poultry-keepers are wondering if the attempt could be repeated on a larger scale.

The eggs were of a breed of fowl known as Welsomers, developed in Holland four years ago and now very popular in England on account of the large size of their chocolate-coloured eggs.

A New Zealand poultry-keeper arranged for three sittings of these eggs to be sent out by ship under the personal supervision of the chief steward, who carefully watched the temperatures of the three sittings, two of which were kept at 54 degrees and one at 44 degrees. The eggs were turned over every day.

After a voyage of six weeks the eggs reached their destination. They were given 48 hours in which to settle before being put under hens.

Unfortunately only one chick survived, but the experiment showed that eggs laid in England could be hatched by New Zealand hens.

NIC AMONG THE HEROES

Nic is a fine blue Persian cat whose mistress, Miss Fothergill, runs a Johannesburg boarding-house.

Whether Nic has always acted as night watchman is not known, but he was evidently making a tour of the house one Sunday night recently, everyone else being asleep, when he noticed a coil of smoke creeping from under a door.

At once he rushed to Miss Fothergill's room and woke her with his miaows of alarm. There was time to call the fire brigade and save all the things, though the top storey was burned out.

Now Nic's name is added to the long roll of cats who have saved human beings.

THE WAY TO GET THINGS DONE

The boys of St Michael's College, Tenbury, wanted a swimming-bath, but the cost seemed prohibitive. The minimum asked was £400.

What was to be done?

One of the masters put the case to the boys (none of them over 14) and asked what they were going to do about it? He undertook the making of a bath if they would do the rest.

They took off their coats, and under his guidance made their own swimming-bath. It was finished just in time for the glorious hot days of this summer, and it cost £69 15s.

DOES A SEED BREATHE?

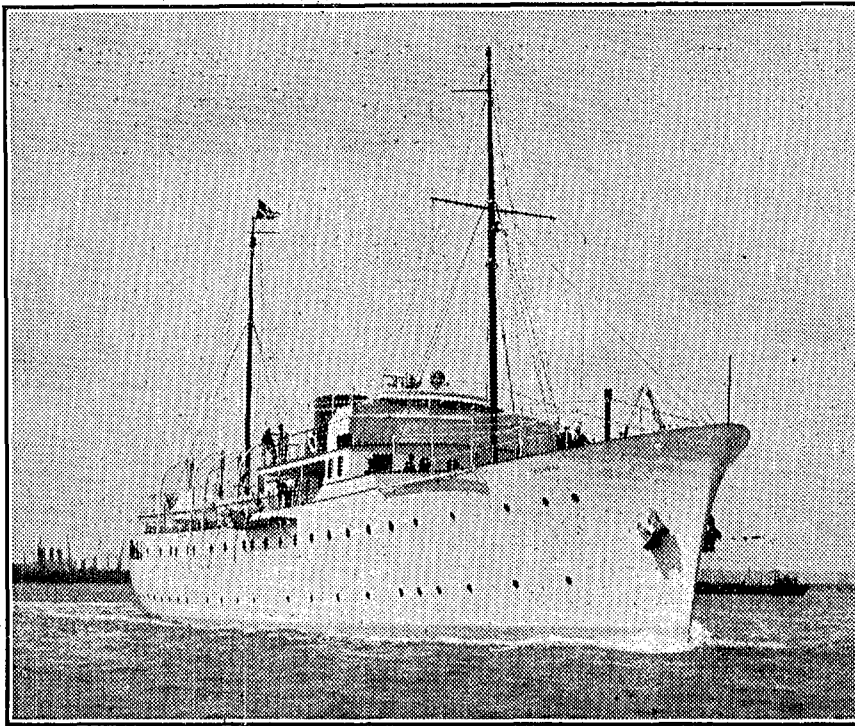
From The Children's Encyclopedia

Seeds are no exception to the rule that every living thing must breathe.

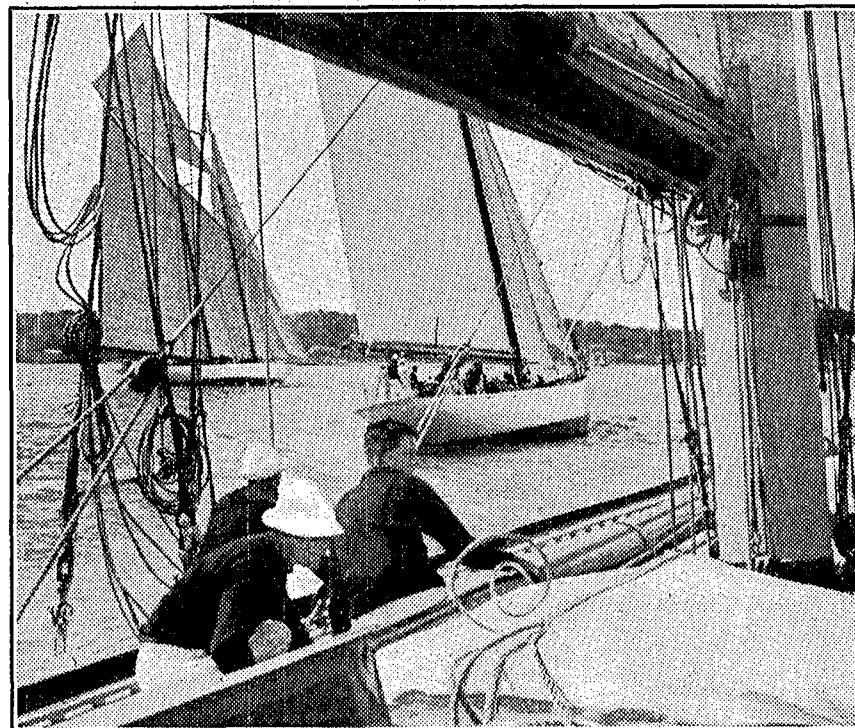
Nor are eggs. Perhaps you have never thought that an egg is alive? But if you varnish an egg, so that no air can get through the shell, it will die and no chicken will come out of it. Now, the seed gets its air, or, rather, its oxygen from the air, as the worm does. So you must not plant the seed too deeply or it will not get enough air, and will die.

You may wonder that a seed should breathe, but that is because we always think of breathing as if the only kind of it were our breathing, with ribs and lungs. The air in the soil which enables plants to grow from seeds and trees from acorns, and keeps alive worms and insects and many microbes, is known as *ground-air*; and as its warmth depends on the warmth of the soil it is very different at different times of the year. That is one reason why certain illnesses attack us at certain times of the year.

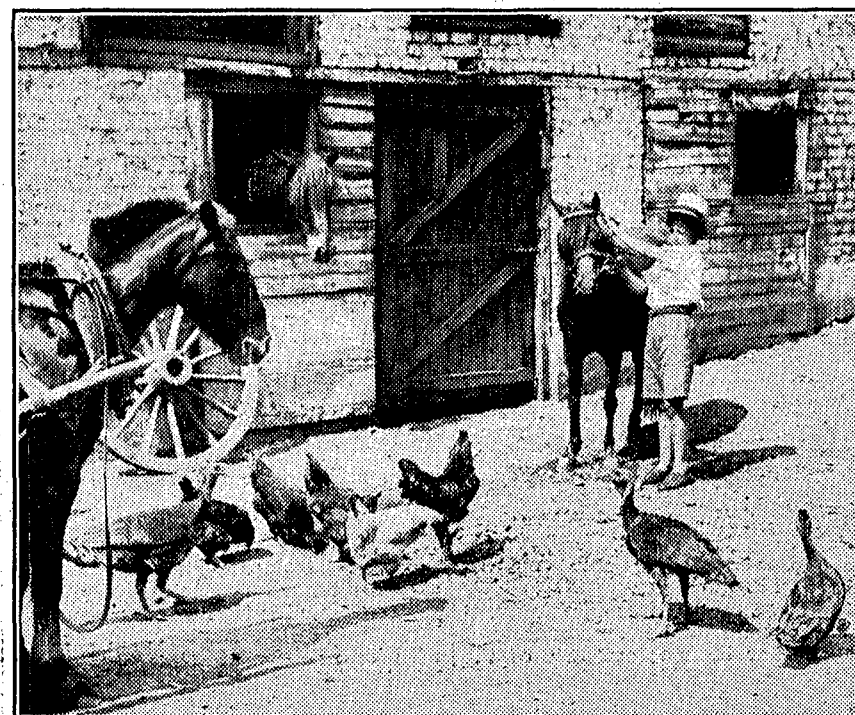
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



The Trenora—This beautiful private yacht, built at Southampton by Thornycroft's, has lately undergone her trials. The story of the ship is told in the next column.



The Yacht Race—Here is a race at Cowes as seen from the new steel yacht Velsheda. The other boats are the Westward and the Astra.



A London Farmyard—Close to St Thomas's Hospital, just across the river from the Houses of Parliament, is this little farmyard in a mews. The tenant has occupied it for 33 years.

THE WORLD FOR A PLAYGROUND

THE STANLEY CHILDREN AND THE TRENORA

A Marvellous Holiday Ship Puts Out To Sea

NOTHING LIKE IT

The four children of Mr Garald Stanley, a distinguished English surgeon in Paris, are indeed to be envied.

In Cowes Roads the other day their father took over his new yacht, the Diesel-engined Trenora, of 850 tons, the biggest and finest yacht built in Europe for several years, white and gleaming, beautiful and luxurious, and just for the Stanley family.

Mr and Mrs Stanley have four children, three growing girls and a baby boy of six months. He had the Trenora built for two reasons—because he is passionately fond of the sea and in order to encourage British shipbuilding.

A Patriotic Gesture

As the yacht cost nearly £100,000, and gave employment for at least twelve months to some hundreds of British workmen of the highest skill, it was a fine patriotic gesture when Mr Stanley came to Sir John Thornycroft and gave him the order.

It took all the money he had. It took all Mrs Stanley's time to plan and carry out the beautiful decorations. There are seven suites of rooms in the Trenora, each suite provided with its own bathroom, and each decorated in a different colour-scheme.

The yacht carries a crew of 12, and their quarters are almost luxurious. The men have their own shower-bath!

Although it will be some time before the Stanley children go round the world on their lovely white playground, it was primarily for them that the yacht was built. There is an enclosed promenade, protected with glass, for rainy and windy weather; there are glorious decks, wide and spacious, to play in when the weather is fine. A drawing-room amidships is open to the free air, to rest in or to take meals in. There is perfect comfort everywhere, and noiseless engines without vibration.

A Wondrous Thing

Imagine the good fortune of children whose holiday changes its scene day by day! Who can explore the romantic ports of Europe, the strange and historic islands of the West Indies, the colourful and fabled loveliness of the South Seas? Living all the while in a home most perfectly appointed, away at sea, yet in touch with home by the wireless, no noise of traffic, no unpleasant neighbours, no worry, no crowds, no sameness or monotony, but with the world for their playground—it is a wondrous thing.

A friend of the C.N. went aboard the Trenora the other day, on a short trip from Southampton into Cowes Roads and back. The owner, very shy and retiring, leaned over the rail and dreamed of the voyages he will make some day far into lonely seas. This year the Trenora will not go far, perhaps once into the Atlantic, for Mr Stanley wants to see how she behaves in stiff weather. The designer and builder, Sir John Thornycroft, with his experts around him, spoke proudly of the ship, which is, in her way, one of the finest achievements of his yards. *Picture on this page*

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Murillo	£1522
Small portrait by Hoppner	£861
Painting by Gainsborough	£651
Seven drawings by Phiz	£354
A marble Venus	£250
Boswell's Life of Johnson, 1791	£220
15th-century medical MS	£210
Letter by Dickens	£54

LITTLE PLAICE WHY THEY DO NOT GROW BIGGER

Great Untenanted Feeding- Ground of the Dogger Bank ROOM FOR MILLIONS

For over twenty years our fishing experts have been anxious about the state of the trawling ground in the North Sea known as the Dogger Bank.

The reason that this shallow area is so valuable is that for stretches of 40 miles there lie on its beds of shellfish on which young plaice thrive and develop.

So thoroughly has the Dogger Bank been trawled that the plaice there have not had time to grow, and small plaice are not profitable. The proper remedy is to ensure that sufficient young plaice get an opportunity of feeding in this rich nursery. They exist in millions in other nurseries off the Dutch and German coasts, where the problem is that they are so overcrowded that they cannot grow because of the fierce competition for food.

An Astonishing Result

Accordingly an experiment was tried by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries of collecting thousands of young plaice from the Dutch nurseries, marking them, and establishing some on the Dogger Bank while returning the rest to their former locality. The result was astonishing; the richness of the feeding-grounds of the Dogger Bank produced twice the weight in the marked fish when taken in the trawls later.

Financial difficulties have prevented this experiment from being turned to practical account; but it is now being reconsidered in connection with the good prospect to the fishing industry opened up by the Deep-Sea Fishing Bill. Money may now be found by the industry for the annual transplantation of millions of young plaice to the rich untenanted flats of the Dogger Bank.

FATHER TIME CATCHES A CROW

Fire Brigade To the Rescue

A fire brigade seems to be the odd-job man for rescues all the world over. It can never be quite sure if the next moment it will be off to stop a factory blaze or to fetch a kitten from a treetop.

The other day in Orvieto, on the Rome to Florence road, it was a crow that was in trouble. He had decided that the minute hand of Orvieto's old tower clock looked inviting as a perch. He was surprised to find it more like a see-saw than a perch; still it was great fun, and with much wobbling and flapping he managed to keep his balance.

But it was actually only for a minute. The hand moved on and the crow fell down, between the hand and the face of the clock, there to be held a prisoner.

All his friends and relations collected round, cawing advice and scoldings, but they could do nothing to help; and in the meantime another sort of crowd had collected below, to see what all the commotion was about and why their clock had stopped.

Then it was that someone called the fire brigade. A long ladder was raised and a fireman climbed up, watched from above and below by hundreds of pairs of eyes.

As the prisoner was released and the clock put right again a tremendous din of cawing was raised, and it seemed to the people crowded in the square that all the crows that had been watching clapped their wings and cheered.

Lord Crewe has given the manuscript of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

Our Streets Should Be Beautiful

Their Influence on Our Health

A civil engineer much interested in the appearance of streets and highways sends us these notes on the subject.

Our streets have a great effect on the health of pedestrians, for human beings have a mind and spirit needing to be cheered by pleasing surroundings in their daily walks.

It would have been well if we had carried on some of the best elements of city life known to the medieval world.

As a fine example of works of art in connection with highways we may take Palmyra, with its great streets nearly three-quarters of a mile long, entered by a fine triple archway which originally had 375 Corinthian columns on each side, about 55 feet high, flanked on each side by a covered colonnade which probably contained shops, while above was an upper gallery roofed in. All the columns were once furnished with corbels bearing statues of worthy citizens.

Winchelsea and Paris

For an example of the Middle Ages we may take our own town of Winchelsea, designed in the rectangular system, built in the 13th century. Broad, straight streets, crossing at right angles, divided the town into 39 squares. On the central one rose the glorious church, while massive gateways defended the approaches.

Paris, as reconstructed with its new boulevards and avenues, is a magnificent example of artistic planning. Twelve avenues radiate from the Arc de Triomphe, three of them 300 feet wide, seven over 1000 yards long, and in five directions there is a clear view of a mile. From other centres avenues radiate in all directions, and at all these centres is a statue, arch, or fountain.

In some English cities fine streets and squares are in fashion with grand effect, but today in many districts our streets present a dreary appearance. Take, for instance, the most conspicuous objects in our streets—the lamp-posts. The eye becomes wearied with the reproduction of the same ornaments.

A Rather Small Idea

Riverside in California was so proud of its light installation that the designs for the posts were copyrighted and presented to the city, with the rather small idea of preventing other municipalities from profiting through Riverside's originality. In the design for lamps for shops, hotels, and other places of business great expense is incurred, and attempts are made to hit on attractive designs. Why should it not be so with municipal lamps?

Street name-plates open up another avenue for artistic design and taste. More consideration should be given to present a striking, legible, conspicuous, and artistic appearance; and some of our present absurdities should be avoided. In Peckham and Camberwell we notice that the authorities have made a praiseworthy effort to give their streets fine name-plates, but a little more discretion would have avoided

the spectacle of many streets in which the names appear twice together, the old plate and the new plate side by side. It has never occurred to anybody to remove the old plate in fixing the new one, with the result that the street corners are made to look ridiculous instead of dignified.

As to material for paths, a centre strip paved with buff, red, or blue bricks may be laid down to form squares, or in various other ways to give an artistic appearance, with a margin on either side to form a grass verge. The colours would prove pleasing to the eye.

Some Danish Footpaths

The footpaths in Copenhagen are constructed in a variety of ways. In the principal shopping thoroughfares they are generally flagged with concrete or tiled with square or brick-shaped tiles; but in front of certain shops the owners are allowed to have the footpath laid to their own liking, even to the extent of an advertisement in mosaic. This seems to us a bad practice; but what we like is that in other important streets the footpaths are paved with granite setts, with one or two courses of runners, or with one or several courses of flags, running separately or together down the centre, breaking monotony.

Walls are in many cases a necessity, but the use of coloured bricks helps considerably with architectural effect. The majority of house owners seem to think that the erection of a dwarf wall surmounted by an iron fence is the right thing for the front of the house. The Ministry of Health is opposed to brick walls for Council houses, and as a result we see houses fronted by a low, well-trimmed and well-kept hedge or other evergreens, a very pleasing practice.

Overhead Wires and Trees

Such street necessities as ventilating columns, towering up 20 to 30 feet, should be brought into the centre of the carriage-way, and surrounded by a small shrubbery. It is now being realised that telegraph poles and wires are a disfigurement to the highway. The Post Office has lately paid attention to requests that roads through beautiful scenery should not be used for overhead wires, the plan of laying wires underground having been already adopted in many towns.

Every local authority should adopt tree-planting, for nothing improves the appearance of a town so much as trees. Yet how often does the right tree seem to be in the wrong place! A builder will often put a plane or an elm in a few feet of narrow forecourt, so that in a little time it begins to obscure the most necessary light for the house. If he would plant a silvery birch instead it would be a thing of beauty. It is a great mistake to plant trees like the plane or the poplar in a narrow street at all; far better to be content with a flowery shrub or two. Our street island would be far more artistic if formed of evergreens and rockery, instead of the usual kerb and paving.

THE KING'S 900 CLOCKS

Whenever the King appears at some public function notice of the time is issued beforehand, and his Majesty is there to the minute.

We now realise how such punctuality is ensured, for a staff of clock-cleaners has been attending to the clocks of Windsor Castle. Here are 360 clocks; Buckingham Palace has 160; Sandringham perhaps as many; and Balmoral has 250.

All these timekeepers must say the same thing to a second.

We are so used to the King's punctuality that we take it as a matter of course rather than as evidence of the King's courtesy to his people; but we appreciate it the more when we cross the water and find ourselves wearily waiting for something to begin.

A RECIPE FOR SLEEPYHEADS

A recipe for getting a Sleepyhead out of bed is always useful, so we are passing on this true story.

Last summer the headmaster of a certain Grammar School took 40 of the boys for a holiday.

Most of them were up early to get a paper and see the latest cricket before breakfast, but there was one nobody could persuade to get up in time for breakfast, till one morning the headmaster was seen to look round the circle of boys and then dart away into the kitchen.

He returned with a tray, arranged on it a dainty breakfast, marched upstairs with it to Sleepyhead's room, solemnly laid it on the table beside the bed, and came away.

It is on record that that boy was never late for breakfast again.

THE MAN WITH THE MONEY-BAGS

Waiting For an Englishman

A STORY FROM INDIA

It was what is usually a broiling, dusty road, but the other day the rain had come in torrents, as only tropical rain can, almost blotting out the Indian countryside.

A friend of the C.N. drove along with her husband in a car packed to overflowing with luggage, while the rain made a grey sheet before their eyes.

However, at least they were dry, but not the Indian proprietor of a kinema who had been travelling from one big Indian town to another with his takings—thousands of rupees in bags—when his car had broken down.

The car he had managed to have towed to a garage near; and now he stood, with no umbrella, at the mercy of the tropical rain, which was drenching and redrenching him through and through as he clutched his precious money-bags, which were too heavy for him to carry far.

Friends in Need

Many people must have passed him by, but none of them had looked quite the kind he could trust; in fact, his position was altogether insecure, for bandits unfortunately are not unknown upon the Indian roads. But what he was waiting for was an Englishman.

Presently the Indian stopped into the road and held his hand up. Here was coming an English Sahib and his wife; and if he had had with him all the money-bags in the world he knew that with these protectors of his countrymen every anna would have been safe.

But the car was filled to overflowing at the back with an amount of luggage such as he had never seen before.

However, his story was listened to, and he soon discovered that the top of a trunk inside a car is a better place than the open roadside in a monsoon.

And so Mr Moneybags sat thus happily enthroned for half a day's journey, leaving at the end of the day with profuse gratefulness to his Good Samaritans and the promise of free seats at his show whenever they came his way.

THE BATHCHAIR RECORD 64 Miles a Day

Some people never know when they are beaten, and that is how it came about that Mr H. G. P. Baker wheeled his wife in a bathchair all the way from Blackpool to London.

Mrs Baker is quite a young woman, but three years ago she fell ill, and for a little time it seemed as though all the glorious walks these two had had together had come to an end.

Then it was that a seven-and-sixpenny second-hand bathchair came on the scene, and the scene was changed.

Since then Mr Baker has pushed that bathchair thousands of miles, and enjoyed doing it; and he and his wife still go on walking tours.

Once Mr Baker wheeled his wife from New Mills to Blackpool in one day, setting up a bathchair record of 64 miles a day, which, so far as the C.N. knows, is still waiting to be beaten.

Their trip to London and back was done in easier stages of under 40 miles a day, the 232 miles to London being covered in six days.

From what we hear of this couple we think Mr Baker should wheel his wife to Dunmow next year, at the time when the Fitch is being awarded to the happiest married couple.

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from the
mechanical transport mine

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Ring of Light Seen From Egypt To Australia

SATURN AND THE SEA-GOAT

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday, August 21, the Sun will pass behind the Moon and be eclipsed.

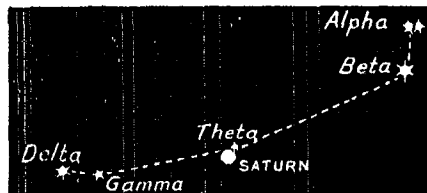
Unfortunately for us this happens in the very early morning, at about 10 minutes to 4 o'clock, and about an hour before the Sun rises in this country. The full extent of the eclipse may be observed along a line extending from the eastern Mediterranean, near Alexandria, across Arabia, Persia, near Delhi and Calcutta, thence to Siam, Borneo, and the northern point of Australia. (See World Map on page 5.)

The Moon will not completely cover the Sun, but at the time of greatest eclipse will leave a very thin ring of light exposed. It will therefore be what is called an annular eclipse, and none of the Sun's corona or prominences will be perceptible.

This annular type of solar eclipse is caused by the Moon's disc appearing too small at the time of central eclipse to entirely obscure the Sun. On this occasion the Moon is not far from apogee, or her farthest from us. This occurred on August 15.

On the evening of Wednesday, August 23, Venus may be seen above the crescent Moon, both being very low in the west. Between 8.15 and 8.30 o'clock will offer the best opportunity of seeing them.

Saturn, now due south about midnight, and low in the south-east earlier in the evening, is the brightest object in that region, and forms a striking



The position of Saturn in the constellation of Capricornus

feature of the constellation of Capricornus, the Sea-Goat. Its few prominent stars, which are shown in our star-map, are of great interest.

Alpha may be seen by sharp eyes to be composed of two stars, field or opera-glasses will show them clearly, with several others in close proximity. They are two great suns much larger than our Sun, but 15,938,000 times farther away; their light takes 251 years to reach us.

The left-hand star has a small companion star which has been found to be composed of two suns.

A Bluish Sun

Beta is also composed of two stars, one of two and a half and the other of six magnitude. These are both perceptible in good field-glasses. The larger star is a giant yellowish sun, with a much smaller one apparently very near it; the other is bluish. Between this and the giant sun is a very faint pair of suns which may be only seen in the line of sight. The light of the large yellowish sun takes between 500 and 600 years to reach us.

Appearing close to Saturn is the small star Theta. This is above and to the right of the planet, making with others a pretty scene observed through the glasses. Saturn will gradually pass below this star, which is easily seen on a clear, dark night.

To the left, and at a lower altitude, are Delta and Gamma in Capricornus, which constitute the Sea-Goat's tail.

The light from Gamma takes 192 years to reach us, so this immense sun is about 12 million times farther than our Sun. Delta is much nearer and, though brighter, is a smaller sun, its light taking 30 years to get here. G. F. M.

C.N. Questions ABOUT MUSIC

We have asked our Music Correspondent to answer a few questions from time to time.

What is an Interval?

The distance between one musical sound and another.

The Greeks used letters to make their intervals, and the system was very complicated. Later, in early Christian times, somebody hit upon the idea of a single line, with notes, or neumes, as they were called then. The singing of intervals was largely a question of good ears. Gradually more lines were added, and the eye was helped to hear, the ear to see, so to speak.

Each interval has its special character. Fifths sound bright, thirds are calm-sounding, sixths sound far-away, and fourths give a lost sound.

Some nations favour one interval more than another. In Scottish tunes there are many fifths and thirds; in Norse music we more often find fourths.

England is such a mixture of other races that our folk-music contains all kinds of intervals.

What Are Barlines?

They have the same effect in music as the foot in poetry. In medieval days, when monks were the only learned people, it was said that the making of rhythm interfered with a man's devotions, so it was left to troubadours and other rag-timers of the period to develop time and accent. But they could not write the music down. Dancing grew so popular that even the Church would take a troubadour tune and weave it into the music during service.

Elizabethan madrigal writers first used barlines as we do today, with the accent falling after the line itself. Modern composers sometimes write in sentences rather than bars and often leave them out altogether. If they keep to barlines the value of each bar is sometimes quite different from its neighbour; but our sense of rhythm today is so good that the reading of modern music is not so difficult as it looks at first sight.

What is a Symphony?

Sinfonia was the original word, in Handel's day, meaning a piece at the beginning of an opera. Presently a set of dances for instruments, called a Suite, became a happy hunting-ground for ideas. Someone thought of developing one called the Allemande. It already had two separate parts, and a third was now added in which these two were woven together. Then we heard of solo sonatas, and composers soon made sonatas for an orchestra which we now call symphonies.

We still hear remains of the dance suite in them, for a first movement is like the Allemande, the second one resembles the Sarabande; then come the Minuet and Trio, hardly changed at all; and lastly a movement like the Jig.

Haydn is the Father of the Symphony, Mozart added to its glories, Beethoven perfected it, and later on paved the way for the intricacies of a modern symphony.

What is Oratorio?

A sacred music drama for solo voices, chorus, and instruments.

St Philip Neri had these religious plays performed in his Oratory, and from this they took their name.

At first the music of oratorio was like that of opera, for both began at the beginning of the 17th century, growing out of the Miracle and Morality plays of medieval days and developing side by side. The only difference at first was that oratorio had no scenery or action to help the composer to illustrate his words.

Cavalieri wrote the first real oratorio in 1600. He called it The Representation of Body and Soul.

Nowadays oratorio is performed in any large hall, not always in churches. Often the words are taken from a spiritual poem; Bible stories are not always used.

More people can take part in performing oratorio than in any other kind of music, which makes it very useful at musical festivals.

THE TOAD IN THE HOLE

A ZOO PARCEL FROM KOREA

Tree Kangaroos That Climbed Their Fences

A HIGH TIME FOR THE KEEPERS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Newcomers to the Zoo do not usually arrive at their destination by post; but a parcel sent to the menagerie by post from Korea was found to contain a rare specimen of toad.

The parcel consisted first of a tin tea-canister studded with holes. Inside the tin was a gourd packed with earth, and tucked away in the earth was the little toad. It is about three inches long, and none the worse for its adventure, for the earth had not only prevented it from getting knocked, but had provided it with grubs to sustain it during the journey to the Gardens.

Green, Red, and Black

This new amphibian is most eccentric and ornamental. Its head, back, and legs are a vivid green in colour and its underside is bright lacquered, patterned with black.

When alarmed, it does not try to run away, but lies on its back and exposes its fiery underside, which presumably has such a terrifying effect on would-be enemies that they retreat hastily.

Another stowaway has been presented to the Zoo; this time the traveller was a Sumichrast's night-mouse, a tiny and extremely pretty rodent, which was found in a crate of bananas from Brazil. Having chosen a favourable season in which to emigrate the mouse is in excellent condition.

A tame cheetah, or hunting leopard, called Woggles has also been added to the Zoo's collection.

A pair of Maschie's tree kangaroos sent to Whipsnade from Regent's Park spent their first day in the country zoo making their presence felt.

Over the Wires

Though the ordinary kangaroos and wallabies leap great distances they cannot take high jumps, and so a comparatively low fence will keep them within bounds. But the tree kangaroos are well adapted for climbing, and as soon as they were placed in the wallaby enclosure they climbed over the wires surrounding their home.

They were observed before they had time to move away, and were captured and put back in the enclosure. But it was not long before they were at large again. Once more the keepers captured the fugitives and placed them in the enclosure; but less than an hour after two reddish-brown forms were seen leaping about the Park!

The keepers chased them, and eventually managed to secure them; but this time the animals were safely shut up in cages until the fence had been raised and altered for their benefit.

WHO WAS DENIS PAPIN?

Born Blois, France, August 22, 1647
Died London, 1712

Regarded by the French as the inventor of the steam-engine and steam navigation, he certainly was one of the pioneers in these directions.

He did apply steam for driving a piston, but he looked not to the expansive force of steam, but to atmospheric pressure for mechanical power. His idea was developed by Newcomen, Brindley, and Smeaton, and undoubtedly paved the way for work upon more correct lines.

Papin did important work in association with Huygens and Boyle, and set convention at naught by fitting a paddle-wheel worked by hand into a vessel in which he essayed to cross the Channel. He died in poverty and obscurity.



"I like this- it's delicious"

ALL CHILDREN should have delicious "Ovaltine" during the summer months. They particularly need the abundant nourishment it supplies. With more time to play they use up their energy more freely than ever. And the light summer foods which the children prefer contain insufficient nourishment to create new energy.

"Ovaltine" is brimful of the nourishment that re-creates energy and vitality. It makes even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. "Ovaltine" is equally delicious, refreshing and nourishing whether taken as a hot or cold drink—and it does not overheat the blood.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms. It contains, in the correct proportions and in a concentrated form, every nutritive element essential for building up strong, healthy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.

It is important to remember that—unlike imitations—"Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Considering its supreme quality, "Ovaltine" is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes—they are not "like 'Ovaltine'."

For their Health's sake give them

'OVALTINE'
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Hot or Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

The 1933 Mother and Father

in fact all the family—enjoy Daily Sketch, unless it's when they're disputing who's to have it next. For it's the newspaper with Special Features in it for everyone, grandma to twins, and they all want it at once.

Naturally, the quarrel isn't very fierce, for the grown-ups read *Wilhelmina Stitch* and can't help being kindly. And the boys and girls belong to the League of Youth (see Daily Sketch children's page) and they're becoming extremely considerate.

Besides, Mum always has it first (that's to say after Dad has finished *Candidus*) for she wouldn't miss a word of *Modestina's* household hints . . . thus allowing Gran plenty of time to study the most lucid wireless page published, before the music starts. That leaves all the rest of the day for all the others—unless of course they have *two Daily Sketches*—which really isn't such a bad idea!



And above all, those magnificently produced exclusive newspictures that almost talk as they show you the world at a glance.

DAILY SKETCH

Make it
a habit...
order it
NOW

The Premier Picture Newspaper

LIVINGSTONE'S SON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S INTEREST IN HIM

Robert's Place in the House
of David

END OF THE GHOST OF A BLACK SHEEP

Young Robert Livingstone, son of David, fought and died and was buried at Gettysburg, and his was one of the bodies over which Lincoln delivered his immortal Two-Minute Speech.

And now this young fellow, who has been called, without much justification, the black sheep of the Livingstone family, is again linked with a President of the United States, while the world is given another example of President Roosevelt's way of getting things done.

The Livingstone Memorial Trust wrote from Scotland to ask the President for certain photographs and an autographed letter concerning this eldest son of the great explorer.

The request reached the President in June, when urgent affairs were pressing hard upon him, yet he found time to depute someone to attend to the matter, and before July was out a sympathetic message was received from him, expressing his interest in the "tragic yet adventurous and romantic life of Robert Livingstone," and enclosing two specially-taken photographs for exhibition in the house where the explorer was born at Blantyre in Lanarkshire.

A Fine Lad

It is not so many months ago since the C.N. told all that is known of the story of Robert Livingstone—how that, though his high-spirited ways were a great worry to his father, he was really a fine lad who not unnaturally resented the close watch kept on him by the two prim old ladies in whose charge he was left when Livingstone was in Africa. In the end, having changed his name to Rupert Vincent and joined the army of the North, he died for the very cause his father had most at heart, fighting for the freedom of the slaves.

In the Blantyre Memorial is also a photograph of Robert, handed over last year by an old school friend of his, who told all that he remembered of this boy, and laid for ever the ghost of a black sheep.

KEREN-HAPPUCH A Yorkshire Country Lady

Our article on What's in a name? has reminded a reader of this curious episode in a Yorkshire Sunday School.

At a cradle-roll Sunday School service at Pole Moor, where I had been asked to say a few words, I spoke of Job's youngest daughters (the babies being enrolled were all girls) and their lovely names as translated by Dr Moffat—Ringdove, Cassia, and Applescent.

The children present agreed that these were much prettier than the old translation of the names *Jemima*, *Kezia*, and *Keren-happuch*.

"I suppose," I said, "we could collect a few *Jemimas* in England today, and maybe a *Kezia* or two, but I am quite, quite certain we could never find a *Keren-happuch*."

But we should never be sure of anything in public! Grown-ups were also at the service, and when it was ended they told me where I could find specimens of all three names. The owners of them were not actually present, but I found that I already knew them without having known their Christian names. In fact, the comely matron who should answer to the name of *Keren-happuch* dares even her husband to call her by it!

Could such a collection of names be found anywhere in England, save in rural Yorkshire?

OPEN THE CAGE

A BILL TO SET OUR
WILD BIRDS FREE

The Right and the Wrong Way
To Make a Lark Sing

BIRDS IN PAPER BAGS

Lord Buckmaster's Bill to prevent the caging of wild birds has had a friendly reception everywhere.

It has passed through the House of Lords and on to the House of Commons, where it has reached the report stage of the Standing Committee.

There is still a fight ahead, however, before it has passed the third reading in the House of Commons and become law; and now, during the quiet thinking time of a Parliamentary holiday, is the opportunity for all of us to urge our M.P.s to vote as public opinion would have them vote.

A National Keyword

The fact that it was the Lords of England who first passed this Bill for the liberty of wild birds reminds us of that day 700 years ago when the Barons of England demanded of King John the liberty of Englishmen. Liberty is a keyword of our nation, yet there are thousands of people in England still who have not the imagination to realise the cruelty of imprisoning birds in small cages, depriving them of liberty and crippling their power of flight.

Unfortunately it is some of the most wonderful of our birds that are often selected for caging. The goldfinch, for example, is a bird of lovely flight, naturally shy, and of all bird creation is the one least adaptable to imprisonment. Yet its brilliant colouring makes it a favourite victim of the bird-catcher. When caught it either perishes, or, in the language of the trade, is steaded. Poor little steaded goldfinch!

On the List For Protection

This Bill is to protect 70 varieties of our precious wild birds. It is amazing to read the names of some which have to be protected—the kingfisher, flight of an arrow and flame of blue; the lark, with wings and song made for highest heaven; the swift-flying swallow, honoured guest beneath our roofs. Then there are wagtails and tits, flycatchers, nightjars, tree-creepers, shrikes, cuckoos, and the more common finches, thrushes, wrens, and even Robin Redbreast.

The more common of these are sometimes kept as pets by kind but unimaginative people, but the majority of all caged birds are kept for exhibition purposes. A catalogue of the Caged Bird Exhibition at the Crystal Palace includes nearly all the 70 birds mentioned in the Bill, while many other exhibitions are held in other parts of England, and small shows even take place in public-houses to attract customers, the prizes being given by the publican. In Club Row in the East End of London one finds on summer Sundays, in addition to the shops where caged wild birds are sold, about 20 dealers selling them at stalls, taking them out of crowded boxes and putting them into paper bags for the purchasers. A nightingale sold in a paper bag like a penny bun!

A Horrible Trade

Here, too, are to be bought fourpenny pamphlets telling how to treat a caged lark and make it sing. The bird, says the pamphlet, must be shut up in a small cage darkened with a cloth over it, and fed on meal worms soaked in old whisky. We prefer to make it sing by giving it its freedom; and a song comes to our own lips:

*Hark, hark, the lark
At heaven's gate sings.*

The men engaged in this horrible trade will naturally do all they can to prevent the Bill passing into law; but there are not two sides to a question of cruelty. The trade must be stopped, and it remains with our M.P.s to stop it.

NO MORE DULL BOTANY

THE WONDERS AND
BEAUTY OF NATURE

A Delightful Companion For
Country Walks

NOTABLE DISCOVERY

Notings By a Nature Lover. By Charles L. Rothera. G. and H. Bell (Nottingham). 2s 6d.

Not many of the Victorian pioneers who brought about a renaissance in education have lived to see the difference they made to the school life of Master and Miss 1933.

As long ago as the sixties Mr Rothera was lecturing in Nottingham on natural history, and he worked unceasingly during all the years he was on the School Board to make Nature study a part of the ordinary school course. He rebelled against the dullness of botany lessons of that time and "the crackjaw names used by the old botanists."

It was to give schoolchildren an insight into the wonders and beauty of Nature that he wrote the twelve descriptions of the countryside which have now been made up into this delightful little book of the months. Although they were written long ago for a local paper, they have lost none of their freshness and spontaneity; and when we have read them it seems as if some invisible scales have fallen from our eyes and we see far more as we look about us during our country rambles.

The Wonderful Oak Apple

In his beautiful and eloquent description of an April day the author reminds us of the long struggle for existence through the ages of every wild flower. Today our primroses and bluebells are in danger not so much through competition with other plants but because of the vandalism of humans.

As an example of the usefulness and romantic interest of this book we have only to read the oak apple's story.

Most of us know that it is made up of a number of separate chambers, each of which is the home of a small grub. In June or July these change into winged insects, which eat their way out of the oak apple. They have a short life of four or five days, dancing about in the summer sunshine, and then they die.

But how did the grubs find their way into the oak apple? Two Nottingham scientists, Mr G. B. Rothera and Dr Ransom, discovered after long and patient study that the eggs from which the grubs were originally hatched are laid in December. How is this possible when the oak apple insects have all died by the beginning of July?

From Egg to Insect

During their short life in the open the female flies find their way down to the roots of the oak tree, where they leave their eggs. From these are developed grubs which make their homes in new excrescences or galls in the roots. Until December they bide their time and then change into a swarm of wingless insects, all females. No male has ever been discovered among them.

They eat their way out of the hard galls, then push through the soil and crawl up to the leafless branches and twigs. Here they puncture the buds and make cavities in which they lay from a dozen to as many as 270 eggs. Round these the oak apple is formed when the sap rises in the spring.

The mysterious part of the story is how both male and female flies come out of the oak apple eggs laid during the winter by the wingless insects which were all females.

London Bridge signal cabin deals with 2500 trains every 24 hours, yet there has been no accident since the safety apparatus was installed three years ago.

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

Headmaster and Head
Boy Write a Play

The Road to Bethlehem. By J. Howard Whitehouse and John C. R. Cook. Yellow Sands Press, Bembridge. 2s 6d.

A headmaster and his head boy have together written a Nativity Play. It was acted by the whole school (Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight) last Christmas, and now it appears, beautifully printed, in book form.

It is simplicity itself. Between the singing of two carols are heard the voices of the prophets, with Isaiah's "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," and on to his loveliest of messages:

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

The Annunciation is shown in tableau; and then we are on the road to Bethlehem, with Mary and Joseph, and some merchants also going to be taxed.

We follow them to the inn, and out to the stable over which a great star is shining. Then with the wondering shepherds and the Wise Men, till the tale is told, the greatest tale in the world, and the stable doors are flung open and we see the glory within.

Those who want a Nativity Play for young people should remember this one from Bembridge when Christmas once again draws near.

ALL ABOUT OUR BIG BALL

Earth-Lore. By Professor S. J. Shand. Murby. 5s.

If there is one thing which distinguishes our age from that of our fathers it is the ease with which we move over distance, seeing as we go an infinite variety of landscape.

Why, we all ask ourselves, is the scene on our route so varied? Why is there a hill in one place and a deep valley in another? Why should cliffs be so different in their colour?

The answers to such inquiries are found in the science of Geology, the story of the Earth. Unfortunately most of the books on this subject abound in technical words and phrases, the jargon of the scientist; but here is a book which tells us the story of what lies beneath our feet in a simple way.

Professor Shand does not tell half the story, but has condensed into small compass all the essential facts without obscuring their meaning; and he has explained the latest theories about the crust of the Earth and the mystery of what is concealed within it.

The diagrams are as simple as the text, and we can thoroughly recommend the book to all who are interested in the past and present happenings on and in the great ball on which we live.

GIRLS OF THE AGES

The Girl Through the Ages. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Harvap. 7s 6d.

This is every girl's book. While big girls will read it eagerly from beginning to end their small sisters will delight in many amusing descriptions of the child at lessons and play through the centuries.

In the first chapter we have a glimpse of a prehistoric girl who lived on the Essex coast about 2000 B.C.

The past is brought back vividly when we imagine little Greek girls playing the Tortoise Game. One girl used to sit in the centre while the others danced round, singing questions such as "Tortoise, tortoise, what are you doing?" and the imaginary tortoise answered: "I am weaving wool from the fleecings of Miletus."

There are vivid pictures of many quaint and very human girls in the chapters on Europe from medieval to modern times.

Another triumph by Arthur Mee

Editor of the
Children's Encyclopedia

*The Wonder of the World
the Glory of the Ages*
explained,
described, and
pictured in one of the
most remarkable sets of
books ever produced.

Fill in and post the Coupon below for
the delightful Children's Booklet about—

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE

in 10 splendid volumes.

HERE is a work which is your children's own. It is not an encyclopedia, not a dull text-book, but a veritable treasury of all things fine and beautiful in life's great storehouse of knowledge. It is simply and clearly written for children, and is edited by Arthur Mee, whose name is a household word where there are children or those who love children.

The titles of the 10 Volumes

- Vol. 1. HEROES OF THE WORLD
Some of the greatest people who ever lived.
- Vol. 2. NATURE IN ALL HER GLORY
The book of the changing year.
- Vol. 3. THE MOTHERLAND AND THE EMPIRE
Round the world with the flag.
- Vol. 4. THE REALMS OF GOLD
Books, pictures, and beautiful rare things.
- Vol. 5. HOW AND WHY
Questions, answers and explanations.
- Vol. 6. THE PANORAMA OF THE WORLD
The Earth's greatest places and peoples.
- Vol. 7. THE AMAZING ANIMAL KINGDOM
Wild life and its adventures.
- Vol. 8. THE PICTURE BOOK
Including Picture Museums and Portrait Gallery.
- Vol. 9. OUR WORLD AND THE OTHERS
The age-old story of Earth and Sky and Sea.
- Vol. 10. THE BEDTIME BOOK
One thousand cheerful things.

This work answers the questions that children ask every day—and whenever possible it achieves its purpose by means of pictures. There are pictures of how things work; pictures explaining Nature's mysteries; picture histories of the lives of animals and plants; portraits of great men and women. No description can do justice to the variety and charm of its contents.

Over 18,000 Pictures

including

PICTURES

IN FULL COLOURS

Full-page plates showing the birds, beasts, fishes, shells, flags, costumes, etc., of the British Empire.

PICTURES

IN PHOTOGRAVURE

A great collection of the most famous and beautiful paintings of all countries and of all times.

The Children's Treasure House

is as entrancing as The Children's Encyclopedia

There are no richer ten volumes anywhere in the world. They are the natural corollary to the Children's Encyclopedia. They do not claim to teach everything. They do not cover the same ground, the same wide range as the Encyclopedia, but it may be truly claimed that they are of equal educational value. In these volumes we

find, more fully told, stories upon which the Children's Encyclopedia has only room to touch. The Children's Encyclopedia shows us the great garden of the world; the Treasure House takes us to little corners of it and lingers there. The Treasure House Way will captivate us by following up the inspirations the Encyclopedia has given us.

These wonderful riches are fully described in a beautiful 24-page booklet containing eight pages in full colour which you will receive FREE and post free if you fill in and post the coupon.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,

Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, Post Free, the Booklet describing The Children's Treasure House, with sample illustrations, and showing how I can have the ten volumes sent carriage paid on payment of a first subscription of 5/-.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... C.N.5.

Send no money with this Coupon.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 43 The Hilltop Prison

THE heat haze lay like a mist across the North, yet Jock could see the humped hills of Westmorland beneath them, lakes looking like small blue pools and silver threads that were becks and rivers seaming this wild land. Red was still keeping very high, so high that it was doubtful if anyone below would see the plane or even notice the sound of its engine.

In spite of the heat below it was bitter cold at this tremendous height and Jock's feet and hands were like ice. Presently Red cut out and started the machine on a long downward glide. The sudden silence was almost startling, and Jock felt a singing in his ears as the air pressure rose. Within five minutes they had slid down out of winter into summer.

It was not the temperature Jock thought of; his eyes were fixed on the country over which they were passing. Great steep hills, deep valleys, but now no more lakes although there were plenty of brooks and small rivers. Here and there lay a small farm with a field or two around it, but most of the country was open moorland where only sheep grazed.

"I've seen Dartmoor, I've seen the Welsh hills, but this is the wildest country of all," thought Jock.

The plane was dropping into the very heart of this wilderness and Jock wondered where it would find a landing among all these crags and precipices. But he was not in the least uneasy on this score. Red knew what he was about.

A huge hill loomed up ahead. It was shaped like a great table with the legs at one end shorter than the other. With a gentle touch on the stick Red guided the plane toward it. For a moment Jock held his breath. Surely Red was not going to attempt a landing among all these rocks and boulders! Skilled pilot as he was, he could never come to safety in such a spot. The plane glided across the bald top of the hill, turned easily into the wind, and suddenly Jock saw beneath them a great hollow in the mountain, a kind of broad ravine with sides that were walls of sheer rock but the bottom flat as a floor.

With infinite skill Red guided the plane into this ravine. It was a risk which few pilots would have dared to take, for there were hardly ten feet to spare on each side beyond the plane's wide wings. Next moment the wheels touched the bottom and Red had made a perfect landing. Jock drew a long breath.

"Glad it was you and not me," he said. "I know the place," Red answered simply. He seemed to have quite recovered his temper—if indeed he had ever lost it. "Get out," he said, "I'll lift Tim."

Tim was still sleeping, and so soundly he never woke while Red carried him up the ravine. At the upper end was a wide-mouthed cave and Red went straight in, Jock following.

The sun was down, it was getting dusk and the glow of a fire shone cheerfully as they came through a passage into a good-sized rock chamber which Jock saw was roughly yet comfortably furnished. An old man was busy over a fire, and Jock was surprised that he did not turn as Red came into the place.

"Deaf and dumb," Red told him. "His name is Purdy. He's a faithful soul and a good cook."

"Glad of that," said Jock. "The only things I want are some food and about twelve hours sleep."

"You shall have them," Red promised, as he laid Tim on a bed of heather against the wall and covered him with a blanket. Jock noticed how gentle he was. Tim never moved but slept on peacefully.

"We'll take his shoes off presently," Red said.

Purdy turned and saw them. His pale old eyes glowed with pleasure. Red shook hands with him, then began talking on his fingers. Amazing how quick he was, but Jock could not follow it at all. The old chap nodded and went back to his fire, which was burning in a sort of brazier under a hole in the roof through which the smoke escaped.

"Like a wash?" said Red, and took Jock into a smaller cave where a tiny stream trickled into a basin cut in the rock. The water was cold as ice, but most refreshing. There were clean towels and hair brushes and Jock saw that Red must have been using this place for some time.

When they got back into the main cave supper was ready. There was a rabbit stew, fresh baking-powder bread, a tin of

peaches, and a pot of excellent tea. Simple fare, but all very good, and Jock was hungry enough to have eaten dry bread. Presently Red began to talk.

"You and Tim will have to stay here a bit," he said. "You'll be quite comfortable."

"I'm sure we shall," said Jock politely, and suddenly Red grinned.

"You're thinking you'll clear out as you did from Garve. Well, you're welcome to try." Jock raised his eyebrows. "Your idea is that old Purdy won't be able to stop you," Red went on. "He wouldn't, and he won't try. But if you or Tim try I warn you you will only break your necks."

"All right," said Jock. "You know."

"I do know," Red's voice was grim again. "I couldn't do it myself, so I think I'm safe in saying you can't. You'll stay here until I come back."

"With the emeralds?" Jock couldn't help saying.

"No; I have come to have a wholesome respect for you, Jock, and I'm not taking any more chances."

"I don't think you'll get them," said Jock.

"I'll get them if I have to grub the trees up by the roots," Red told him, and though he did not raise his voice at all Jock felt that he meant exactly what he said. "I'm starting early," Red went on, "but I must first have a few hours sleep. I'm turning in at once. What about you?"

"Can't be too soon for me," said Jock.

CHAPTER 44

What Finch Dropped

WHEN Jock woke sunlight was streaming in through a hole in the roof of the cave, making a bright patch in the shadowy gloom. Someone was moving. It was old Purdy busy over his fire. But Red had gone. Jock got up and stretched, then went over to Tim and roused him. Tim sat up with a start. "Where are we?" he asked.

"In a cave at the top of a mountain. Somewhere in Northumberland, I believe."

Tim stared round.

"Oh, I remember now. Red brought us. Where is he?"

"Gone off to hunt the emeralds."

Tim looked amazed. "The emeralds! I thought you'd got them."

"No, I hid them," Jock answered, and went on to explain what had happened.

"Will Red find them?" Tim demanded. Jock shrugged.

"He might. I jammed them down in a hole under the roots of a tree, but I hadn't time to hide them properly. Red must know pretty well where to look and he's dead set on getting them."

Tim bit his lip. "Jock, this is simply sickening. We shall never land that reward."

"Don't be silly. If you ask me, we've been lucky. A nice fix we should have been in yesterday if Red hadn't turned up. About now we'd have been tied up in Glynt, with nothing to eat and less to drink. Here we are, snug as possible and a jolly good breakfast waiting. Get up and let's have a wash and some food. Then we can plan what to do."

Jock's hard common sense had a good effect on Tim. The two went into the side cave, had a sluice in the cold, clear water, then came back for breakfast. Purdy had oat cakes, bacon, and tea for them; and very good it was. Then they went out of the cave to find a day of light wind and brilliant sunshine.

"Plane's gone," said Jock; "but, of course, I knew that. Let's get out of this pit and see where we are."

They went out by the lower end and walked up on the hilltop. All around were big hills, and the nearest house was a farm at least two miles away.

"Red said we couldn't get away," said Jock. "I wonder why not."

They walked over to the eastern edge of the mountain-top and found themselves on the rim of a sheer precipice quite 200 feet high. From this height they could plainly see the coast and the North Sea stretching like a great grey plain to the far horizon.

They followed the edge all the way round, but it was just the same. Cliffs like walls and nowhere less than a couple of hundred feet high. At the South end the drop was more like five hundred.

"So now we know," said Jock dryly, when they had finished the circle and come back to their starting-point.

"Red was right," replied Tim, frowning. "He's left us as safe as if we were locked in a cell in Dartmoor."

Jock was looking round.

JACKO PLANS A SURPRISE

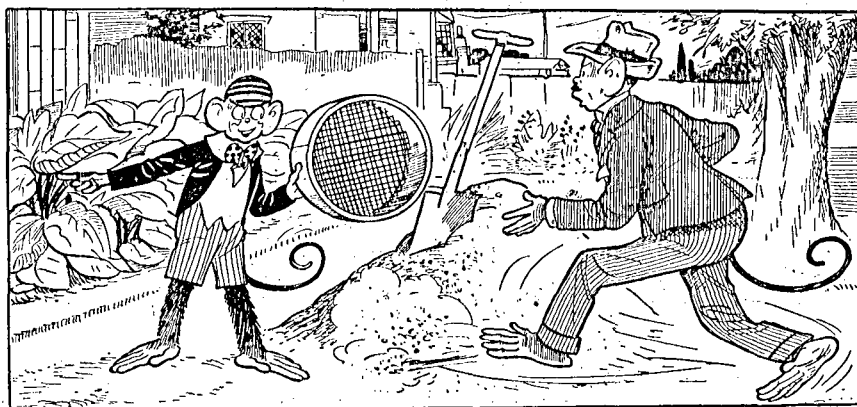
TO his family's surprise Adolphus had suddenly gone crazy over gardening.

He arrived home one day with a mysterious parcel, which he popped into the summer-house on his way into dinner.

"I've got a new riddle," he announced as he sat down.

"Out with it, then!" grinned Jacko.

"I'm top-hole at guessing."



"You blundering booby!" shrieked Adolphus

"Don't be a duffer," snapped his brother. "It's not that sort of riddle."

Jacko looked blank. "Well then, what's the great idea?" he asked.

"He means a sieve, my boy," explained his mother, "for sifting ashes and all sorts of things."

"Yes, and this has a specially fine mesh," went on Adolphus. "Our garden soil's got such stacks of tiny stones. Here, Jacko," he added, "you can have my tie with pink spots if you'll do a little job for me."

They marched down the garden to a large patch full of weeds. Jacko came in handy just then, for Adolphus hated weeding.

"Look here," he ordered, "you get busy and pull up these weeds, and I'll riddle the soil when I come home."

Then he strutted back to his office and Jacko set to work. "Coo!" he chuckled, pulling away. "I shan't half look a dandy in that pink tie!"

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

Before the afternoon was over Jacko had got up all the weeds.

"Not quite that, Tim. There are no warders here, and if we had a rope we could get down."

"There's no rope," retorted Tim.

Jock remained calm.

"Has it struck you that by this time Finch will be looking for us?"

"He may be, but this is about the last place he'd come to."

"Why? He knows that Red's hiding-place is somewhere up North. If you ask me he'll be up in this direction before the day's out."

Tim's eyes brightened, then he shook his head. "You may be right, Jock, but even if he does come up here he can't land. And if he's flying high the odds are he'd never spot us at all."

"I've thought of that. We can make sure he does spot us."

"How?"

"You know the way they mark the names of towns for airmen?"

"In big white letters. Yes, I know. But we haven't any paint or whitewash."

"There are plenty of stones," Jock suggested. "Your name is short. Let's put T I M in big letters."

"No. We'll put J O C K. It's only one letter more and he'll be much more apt to see it."

As Jock had said, there were plenty of stones, and with two pairs of willing hands they soon had the name done. Each letter was about ten feet long, and placed on the very crest of the hill the huge J O C K could not possibly escape the notice of any airman flying overhead. By the time they had finished it was past midday, and suddenly they became aware that old Purdy was coming toward them.

"Gosh, he mustn't see this!" exclaimed Tim in dismay. "Come on, Jock; it's lunch, I expect."

"But suppose Finch comes over while we're in the cave?" objected Jock.

"We'll be as quick as we can. We mustn't let Purdy suspect anything, and he will if we don't go in. Anyhow, Finch would hardly be here yet."

They went, and the rate at which they put away the cold corned beef and baked potatoes must have surprised old Purdy.

Then they were out again, staring up into the sky. They saw two planes far over toward the sea but neither came their way. Then just before three Tim's sharp eyes caught a dot in the blue, coming from the South.

"Sit tight," said Jock quietly.

The plane came nearer and they saw that it was quartering to and fro in big zig-zags.

"It is Finch, I'm sure," cried Tim.

"We'll soon see," said Jock.

He could feel his heart thumping as he watched the still distant plane. Like a great hawk hunting its prey, the plane swung to and fro. The deep note of its engine throbbed through the sunlit air.

"It's a Monospar. Randall flies one of those. Jock, it must be Finch and he."

"Looks like it," agreed Jock. "Only hope they come this way, but now she's heading off West."

The two stood quite still on the topmost point of the hill. They could hardly breathe, they were so excited.

"She's turning. She's coming over," muttered Tim.

The roar of the engine grew louder. The Monospar was coming almost straight toward them. Tim waved furiously. Nearer she came and nearer. She was less than a mile away when Tim gave a frantic yell.

"They see our sign."

He was right. The plane turned her nose toward the hill and began to drop. Next minute she was overhead and only about 300 feet above them.

"It's Finch. I can see him," shouted Tim.

They saw his head over the edge of the cockpit. The pilot swung the machine in and began to circle overhead. Tim was wild with excitement.

"Steady on, Tim," said Jock. "Remember they can't land."

Tim's face fell. "What are we going to do?" he demanded.

"Leave it to Finch," said Jock. "He'll see how we are fixed."

Finch's head had disappeared but the plane was circling over the hilltop. Suddenly it swooped down so close that the roar of the exhaust nearly deafened the boys. Finch leaned over and dropped something which fell quite close to the boys. Tim reached it first. It was a little parcel, and when Tim tore it open he found a toy rubber balloon weighted with a pocket-knife.

"Has he gone crazy?" demanded Tim, staring at this curious gift.

"No, silly," retorted Jock. "There's a note. Read it."

TO BE CONTINUED

**"Good! It's Mason's!
and Teetotal Too!"**



Kindly fill up and post this
coupon NOW for a

TRIAL SAMPLE
OF

MASON'S

Extract of Herbs

and make ONE GALLON
OF THE FINEST BEVERAGE
IN THE WORLD
(non-intoxicating)

COUPON

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTING-
HAM.—Please send sufficient Mason's
Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one
gallon of the finest beverage in the world.
4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of
nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

Name.....

Address.....
(in Block
Letters).....

C.N.

*If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!*

Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

ALL applications for advertise-
ment space should be ad-
dressed to: "The Advertisement
Manager, "The Children's News-
paper," Tallis House, Tallis Street,
London, E.C.4.

TELESCOPIC PERISCOPE.
Enables you to see over heads of
crowds and round corners. Forms
endless fun, WANTED AT CRICKET,
FOOTBALL MATCHES, PRO-
CESSIONS, ETC. Specially Use-
ful to Scouts for concealed obser-
vations. It closes up to
9in. and extends about a 1/6
foot. Price Post Free
Wm. PENN (Dept. P.6), 682, Holloway
Road, LONDON, N.19.

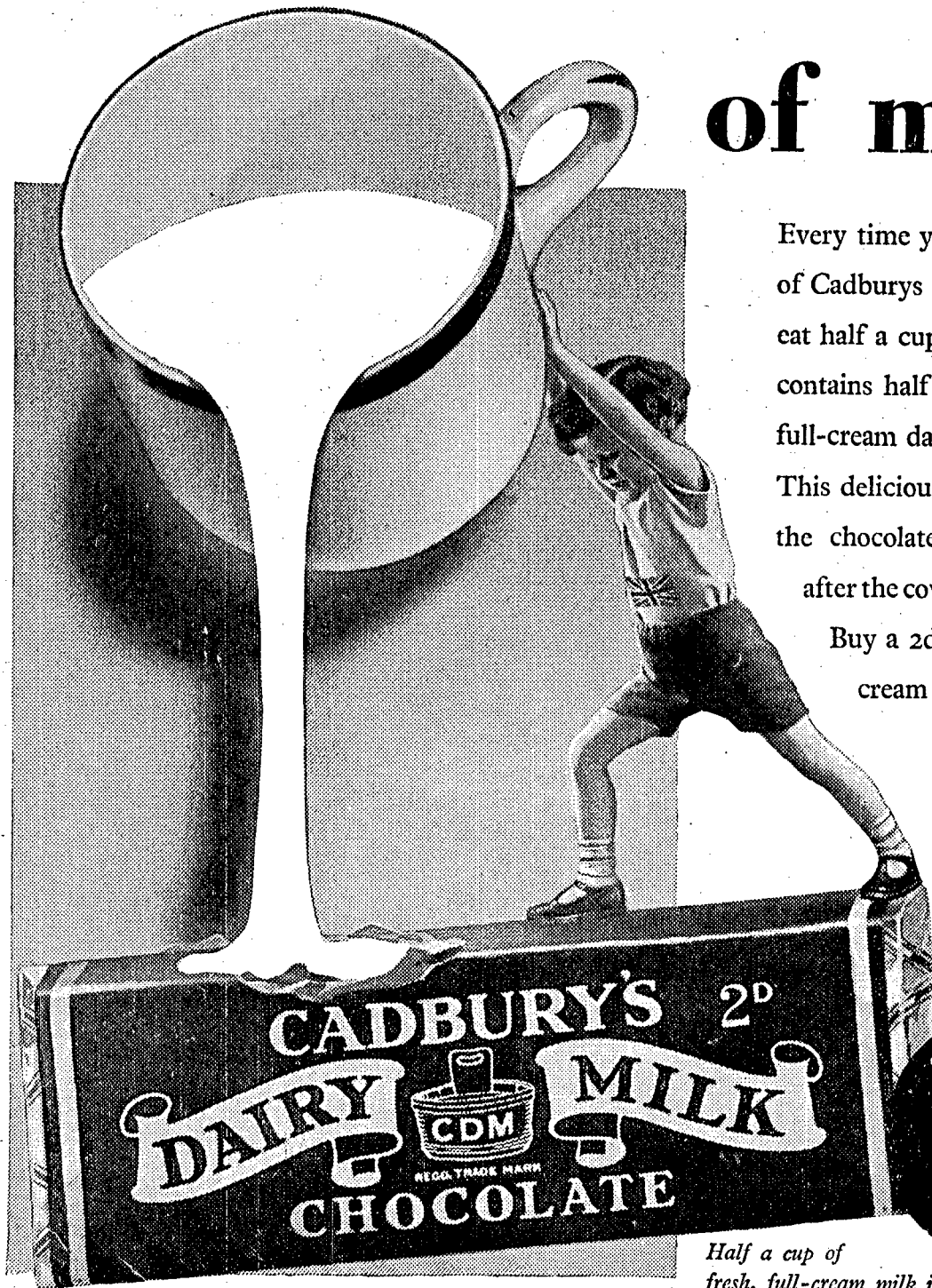
16,000 East End Children
will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the
country, this summer.

Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give
12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour
to poor children from slum homes of East London's
Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to
The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.

EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.1.

*Fine—
with all stewed Fruits*
**SHREDDED
WHEAT**

Can you eat half a cup of milk?



Every time you eat a big 2d. bar
of Cadburys Milk Chocolate you
eat half a cup of milk! Every bar
contains half a cup of rich, fresh,
full-cream dairy milk.

This delicious milk is mixed with
the chocolate only a few hours
after the cows have been milked.

Buy a 2d. bar and taste the
cream for yourself!

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE

Half a cup of
fresh, full-cream milk in every 2d. bar.

All about RADIOLYMPIA!

POPULAR WIRELESS gives you the fullest
possible details of all the most important exhibits
and features of the Show, including—

All About the Exhibition

Our Cavalcade of Radio

Round the Stands
at the Radio Show.

The Olympia Super

—a magnificent single-knob-control receiver of
unprecedented power and sensitivity. It is self-
contained with its moving-coil speaker, and it is
fully described in this bumper issue.

This week's issue of POPULAR WIRELESS is a special Exhibition
Number giving you all the news of Radiolympia. An important
feature is a

Superb 16-Page

PHOTOGRAVURE SUPPLEMENT

which gives you some fascinating sidelights on the great radio industry.

**POPULAR
WIRELESS**

Now on Sale

3d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 19, 1933 Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Geometrical Word

HERE is a description of a word in geometrical terms. Can you find out what it is?

A triangle having three acute angles supported by elongated sides; a circle from which a slight arc has been removed; two right-angles formed by a perpendicular and horizontal; a perpendicular; an acute angle; another perpendicular; a horizontal placed at right-angles to a perpendicular; and an acute angle supported by a perpendicular.

Answer next week

The Pope on a Stamp

THE Vatican Post Office has issued a new set of postage stamps, among which not the least



interesting are the lire values which show the Pope himself. One of the stamps, somewhat reduced in size, is illustrated here.

A Good Earth

IF you wish to arrange a really efficient and cheap earth for your wireless set, try burying in the garden several tins filled with rock salt and punched with small holes. The tins should be arranged in a circle with a radius of 18 inches or so. Then take a wire lead from each tin to one common wire, which should be connected to the earth terminal of the receiver. Do not forget, in dry weather, to water the place where the tins are buried.

Transposition

AN insect that is small in size Will make a very dismal sound

If, after you have read it once, You simply turn the word around. One letter now please cast away, Transpose the whole of what remains, Another insect, smaller still, Will stand and greet you for your pains.

Answer next week

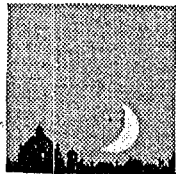
Ici On Parle Français



Le débarcadère La prune Le pin
pier plum pine
Le bateau stoppe au débarcadère.
La prune n'est pas encore mûre.
Les pins écoissais sont très beaux.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-West. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Venus are in the West, and Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, August 25.



What Am I?

THERE's not a creature lives beneath the sky Can secrets keep so faithfully as I; All things for safety are to me consigned, Although I often leave them far behind; I never act but by another's will, And what he should command I must fulfil.

Answer next week

Picking Potatoes

IT is rather strange that the digging up of the potato crop involves the destruction of the plant. Lately it has been proved that a considerable increase in the yield, at least of the early varieties, may be secured if the plan

of picking the potatoes is adopted. When the plants had grown to a fair size the largest tubers were grubbed up. To do this the soil was loosened with a handfork, care being taken to injure roots and shoots as little as possible.

About three weeks later another gathering was made. It was noticed that after the pickings the potato plants seemed to grow with a renewed vigour, no doubt benefiting by the loosening of soil round their roots. Finally, when the plants were lifted a good average crop was secured in spite of the two previous gatherings.

A Deep Riddle

THIS riddle I was asked the other day:

Why does a duck go in the water? Say!

In any sort of weather, any seasons? It does, so I was told, for divers reasons.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem

100 + 200 + 300 + 400 = 1000

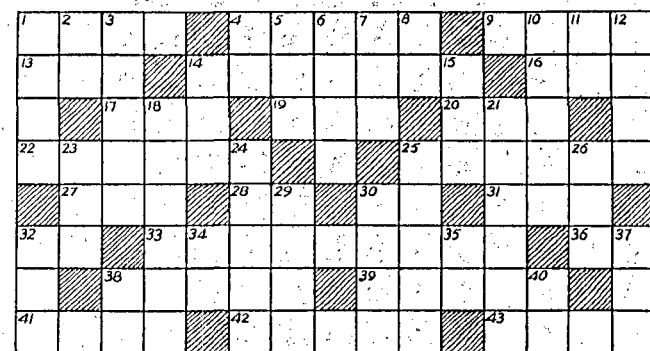
What Am I? A book

Beheaded Words

A-loft, T-ease, Y-ours, F-lung, L-arch, E-vent, T-aunt, E-rase.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. To level with the ground. 4. Junction. 9. Telegraphist's letter M. 13. Industrious insect. 14. Particular. 16. Used to propel a boat. 17. A beverage. 19. Snake-like fish. 20. A newt. 22. These show which way the wind blows. 25. Term for something resembling a crown. 27. Dress fabric having ribbed appearance. 28. In the direction of. 30. Child's name for father. 31. Anger. 32. Near. 33. Giant quadrupeds. 36. Note in Tonic Sol-fa scale. 38. A blaze. 39. Prepares for human consumption. 41. Sticks. 42. Serpent. 43. Yellow part of an egg.

Reading Down. 1. Tatters. 2. Indefinite article. 3. To gaze as in surprise. 4. Elevated. 5. Indicates maiden name. 6. Summer confessions. 7. Liquid of animal and vegetable origin. 8. Chemical symbol for sodium. 10. That which imparts motion. 11. Master of Arts. 12. Any plain surface within boundaries. 14. To unite with needle and thread. 15. One of the constellations. 18. Parts of a coat. 21. Lively. 23. Attempt. 24. Checks. 25. Red Indian boat. 26. A trap. 29. Not restricted. 30. To stow. 32. A pouch. 34. French for the. 35. As in 28 across. 37. The moose. 38. Field-Marshal. 40. In this manner.

Dr MERRYMAN

Seasonable

BLACK: Phew! This hot weather! White: Yes; it's a pity we can't have it next winter. Think of the fires it would save.

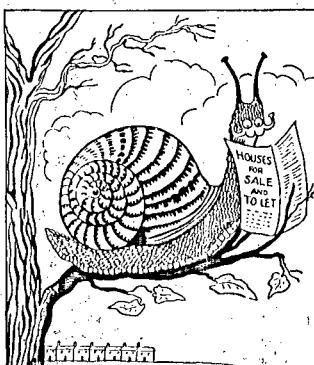
Small Change

THE junior had only been with his firm since early spring, but with the coming of the hot days he thought of a holiday.

"I should very much like to have a little change, sir," he said to his Chief.

"Very well, Smith," replied the Chief, with a merry twinkle, "here's two shillings and sixpence for half a crown."

Mr Snail's Castle



THE Snail read his paper, and "How glad I am," said he, "To have a house my very own! It makes me feel so free. It may not be a grand affair: Some folks might call it low; But is it not far better thus Than living in a row?"

Not Reliable

PARKING of cars was not allowed in the High Street, and when the policeman saw the baby saloon unattended he waited.

"Your car has been here for at least half an hour, madam," he said, when at last the owner appeared. "I've timed it by the clock on your dashboard."

"You can't time it by that," she replied sweetly; "that clock is fast."

Heavy Work

IT was the first time Mr Smith had seen his old friend Mr T the grocer since he had retired.

"My dear T, how thin you look," said Mr Smith.

"Probably," was the reply. "You see, I don't weigh so much as I did."

Hook and Eye

BLACK: Do you know Mr Hooke?

White: My dear chap, Hooke and I are old associates.



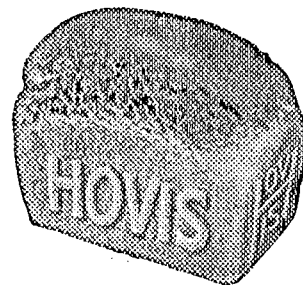
Follow the Golden Rule

TO HEALTH & FITNESS

A little HOVIS every day keeps the system functioning naturally. It supplies all the vital food-elements which maintain health and increase resistance against fatigue and bodily ailments. HOVIS is more than just a delicious bread: it is a food in itself.

HOVIS

EVERY DAY



Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

GEORGINA and Nannie had been staying in a little cottage in the country which Georgina's mother had taken for the summer, and Georgie was very excited because Mummy and Daddy were coming to join them that evening.

"Do let's give them a lovely surprise, Nannie," Georgina said.

"Surprise!" grumbled Nannie; "a nice surprise they'll get for breakfast, with Mr Bates without a bit of bacon in his shop, and his the only shop in the village! I'll have to go to the farm for some eggs, only I'm very busy, and your mother may be coming any time."

"Let me go for the eggs," begged Georgina.

She begged so hard that at last she got her way. Nannie gave her a basket and she set off to Hunter's Farm.



"Mushrooms!" she cried

Mrs Hunter, the farmer's wife, received her request for eggs with dismay. "There, Miss Georgie," she said, "didn't I tell Hunter if he took all the eggs to market

somebody would be wanting some? And I've just used the very last ones for my cakes."

"You see, Nannie hasn't anything for breakfast," Georgina told her, "and Mummy and Daddy are coming tonight."

"Well, well," said kind Mrs Hunter, taking down a basket, "now you just come with me and I'll show you what we're going to have for breakfast, and if your Ma and Pa don't like it I'll be surprised."

She led Georgina through the farmyard to a field where sheep were grazing the close-growing turf. When they had gone through the gate and shut it behind them Georgina noticed little white balls in the grass.

THE SURPRISE BREAKFAST

"Mushrooms!" she cried.

"Mushrooms they be, Miss Georgie," said Mrs Hunter; "now you pick some and we'll get a good basketful."

Georgina ran delightedly about, gathering the smooth little mushrooms.

"Mummy loves mushrooms," she said when they were back in the farmhouse.

"Well, and they go very well with a few rashers of bacon," said Mrs Hunter, giving her a parcel. "There! That's our own, home-cured, so I can speak for it."

"Oh, thank you so much," said Georgina.

And when Mummy and Daddy tasted the mushrooms and bacon next morning they said it was exactly the kind of breakfast they liked best.